The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

The Week.

THE comments made in some of the newspapers about the withdrawal of gold from the Treasury for the purpose of paying for the new Government bonds are extremely infantile. They are based upon the assumption that the Government ought to be paid in something better than its own demand notes, and that a subscriber to the loan who uses for this purpose the money which the Government itself has forced upon him, is taking an unfair advantage. Another assumption, equally ill founded, is that the redemption of the Government's demand notes in gold, although not restricted by law to any particular class, is understood to exclude persons who subscribe for a Government loan. If this conception were generally entertained it would lead to a premium on gold, greater or less, and that would be the very condition which the bond issue aims to prevent and avoid. The Government ought not to set a higher value on any kind of money than on its own legal-tender notes. In point of fact, every subscriber to the new loan has the legal right to pay for those bonds with the notes, and it cannot make a cent's difference to the Government whether they are paid with the one or with the other. The new loan has had one good effect, quite unexpectedly. It has opened people's eyes to the absurdity, the inconveniences, and the costliness of Government note issues, which require the Treasury to provide the ultimate gold reserve of the nation. This is a business function purely. It ought to devolve upon the banks, and would devolve upon them if the Government would retire its own notes and simply step out of the way. There is cumulative evidence that public opinion is tending toward that conclusion.

It must be considered doubtful if any beneficial financial legislation can be had at the coming short session of Congress, no matter what the President may recommend. Whatever measures might be whipped through the House would be almost certain to be asphyxiated in the Senate, where silver will still lie a-bleeding. Nor can it be hoped that even the severe surgical operation of November 6 has got the idea into the heads of the silverites that their antics were a prime cause of the country's disgust, and that it was to guard against a repetition of them that Congress was turned bottom upwards. With stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain. Already the Atlanta *Constitution* is urging the passage of a free-coinage law as the sovereign remedy for Democratic ills, and we have no doubt that "Silver Dick" is fully persuaded that he must work all the harder for cheap money in the brief term left of his congressional career. There might be some hope from the Republicans, were it not for the fact that it would never do for them to support a financial law urged by a Democratic President. In times of panic, or for the sake of taunting and dividing the Democrats, such a thing may be done lawfully, but on the eve of coming into power themselves we fear the temptation will be strong to insist that all law-making of that sort must be left over. It is none the less the President's duty to urge upon Congress needed reforms in our monetary and banking laws, and his initiative will have great weight.

The New York State Bankers' Association at their session in this city last week endorsed the Baltimore plan of currency reform, and it is now said that the comptroller of the currency and President Cleveland will refer to it favorably in their next communications to Congress. The only note of discord heard is that of the Populists and silverites. These say that the Baltimore plan is a scheme of bankers, by bankers, for bankers. If that were true, we should consider it high time to take it up, when we consider the dreadful mess that the silverites have made of our currency during the past fifteen years. The bankers, during all this time, have remained silent. They have taken no step, except now and then to protest against schemes for depreciating the money standard. At last, after the silver men, Populists, and Coxeyites had done all that they could do, and had brought on a panic which compelled even their own sympathizers to vote for stopping silver purchases, the bankers took the subject in their own hands, not to benefit themselves in particular, but to bring order out of chaos. The charge that they are seeking to introduce a new and untried principle into our currency system is made only by ignoramuses. The principle of "banking on assets" as distinguished from banking on bonds was the distinguishing feature of the best banks we had before the war, and it is safe to say that the *best* ones we had before the war were of unsurpassed excellence. It is the principle of the Scotch system and of the Canadian system, and of the banks of France and Germany.

Never in the history of our politics were so many demagogues laid out in one day as in the elections of a fortnight ago. Hill, Lewelling, Waite, Bland, and Holman are only a small part of the number. In Minnesota, Ignatius Donnelly was disposed of—that State's perennial nuisance, who hoped to become United States Senator through the choice of a fusion Legislature, and was even beaten as a candidate for the Legislature in his own county, which has always returned him before, no matter with which party he acted—and he has tried all of them. So, too, Iowa has got rid of its standing nuisance, Weaver, Populist candidate for President in 1892, who was so badly beaten as a fusion candidate for Congress that he is going to leave the State and abandon politics.

The total vote of New Jersey shows that the Democrats of that State hung themselves with neatness and despatch. The Republican vote reveals slight changes from that of 1892, while the Democratic falls off from 171,000 to 115,000—or nearly one-third. A fairer comparison would perhaps be with the vote of 1890, when the Republican vote was 114,000 and the Democratic 128,000. It is evident that the great Republican majority in the State this year was the work of Democrats. Thousands of them refrained from voting at all, and thousands more voted the Republican ticket. As in New York, the unexpected magnitude of the victory is proving embarrassing to the Republican bosses. With only a working majority in the Legislature, Boss Sewell would be certain to be elected United States Senator. As it is, the almost solid Republican Legislature has encouraged other candidates to come forward. It ought to be evident to New Jersey Republicans that they are now as much on probation as the other party has been for two years past, and that as swift and terrible a punishment will be visited upon them for abuse of power as has stricken down their opponents. A resolute effort to rescue the party from Sewell's clutches would, whether immediately successful or not, be worth many thousands of votes to it in coming elections.

The official returns confirm the first reports that the Republicans have carried Missouri on the popular vote by a narrow but sufficient margin. This result is important as reversing the precedents of a quarter of a century, for the Republicans have not carried the State on a straight issue between the two parties since Grant's first election in 1868. The canvass shows that the Republicans won this year through Democratic losses rather than through gains for their own party, the figures for the last two elections comparing as follows:

	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.	Pro.
1892.....	226,916	268,398	41,213	4,331
1894.....	229,641	226,547	42,463	3,099

It will be seen that the Republicans have increased their poll by less than 3,000, while the Democrats have lost nearly 42,000. But while Democratic absenteeism caused the election of the Republican candidate for Supreme Court judge, it is a

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great gain for the latter party to carry the State in any way, for the first time in the memory of many voters, because it is always easier to secure the "floating vote" for a party which has once shown that it at least stands some chance of success.

The closeness of the contest for the Tennessee governorship has served to show the strength of the sentiment for honest elections in that State. When it first became evident that the Republican candidate had won by a very small majority, there were some intimations that he would be "counted out" by the Democratic officials who control the returns, but the suggestion was promptly repudiated by everybody of authority in the party. The chairman of the Democratic State committee announced that "there has not been and will not be the slightest irregularity countenanced," and such representative organs as the Nashville *American* declared that "if Evans has been fairly and legally elected, he should be, and no doubt will be, duly inaugurated." In Tennessee, as everywhere else in the South, the sentiment against election frauds has never been so strong as since the repeal of the federal election laws. Moreover, the fact should not escape notice that, while the Republicans never carried Tennessee on a square issue between the two parties so long as those laws were on the statute-book, they have secured the governorship at the first election after their repeal.

The results of the election in Nebraska and California show the growing independence of voters. In each State a majority of the ballots cast on the congressional issue were for the Republican candidate, while in each the Republican nominee for Governor failed of election because some thousands of voters in his party who supported the rest of the ticket would not sustain the man whose name stood at the head. The Australian ballot law helps very much in encouraging this spirit of independence. The chairman of the Democratic State central committee in Kentucky frankly acknowledges this effect of the system. "The election," he says, "will be a valuable lesson, as well as a warning, to the party. A secret ballot makes voters more independent, and if the party expects even in a sound Democratic State like this to poll its full vote, it must deal fairly and honestly with the voters, and especially in local races must nominate capable and worthy men."

There was a most remarkable and gratifying exhibition of the power of the independent voter in Cincinnati on Tuesday week. In the national election the Republicans carried the city by an immense majority; in the local election, seven days later, the Republican candidate for judge of the insolvency court was defeated by several thousand majority. This was a new office, created by a bill which was "sneaked" through the Legislature in its closing hours, and which was so hastily and carelessly drawn as to require its filling by a special election, on November 13, at an extra cost of $10,000, instead of on the regular day for voting last week. For this place Boss Cox, the ex-saloon-keeper who runs the Republican machine, picked out one Von Seggern, a lawyer of meagre ability, dubious character, and unsavory record, who was declared unfit for the office by an impartial and non-partisan committee of the most eminent members of his profession. The boss relied upon the more than 20,000 majority of last week to pull through his tool, and there were Republican newspapers hide-bound enough to support Cox in his contempt of decency, but the voters rebelled, and Von Suggern was beaten by about 3,000 majority.

Of the three States which recently voted on the question of calling a convention to revise the constitution, one went overwhelmingly for such action; in the second the proposition failed because there was so little popular interest that most voters neglected the matter; and in the third the convention was voted down at the polls, but through fraudulent counting is returned as carried. The difficulties of changing the constitution are probably greater in Delaware than in any other State of the Union, since it is requisite that the affirmative vote shall exceed a majority of the highest vote cast for representatives in the Legislature at any one of the three previous general elections. Over and over again this severe requirement has defeated action, even when a good majority of the votes actually cast were favorable to a convention. But public sentiment at last grew so nearly unanimous that at the recent election the vote stood 22,842 for to 2,364 against; and although only about two-thirds of those who declared themselves for Governor paid any attention to the constitutional question, the affirmative vote largely exceeds the requisite number. In New Hampshire, on the other hand, so little interest was felt in the matter of a new constitution that but few voters recorded themselves either way, and the proposition failed really from inattention. In South Carolina, the Tillmanites favored a convention, but they were outvoted by about 10,000 through the opposition of anti-Tillman Democrats and Republicans; yet the Tillmanites have "counted out" the opposition, and returned the proposition as carried by about 2,000. This is the most barefaced fraud ever committed, even in South Carolina, and it has excited intense indignation.

There has been a good deal of talk about some sort of testimonial to Dr. Parkhurst, and he richly deserves one. But it ought to be something strictly personal—books, pictures, silver, or furniture. At all events it ought by no means to be a public monument set up in the streets, for such a monument would, of course, commemorate our shame as well as his services. It must not be forgotten that he has not delivered us from a foreign tyrant or oppressor, or from an apparently good ruler who turned out badly after he got into power. He has delivered us from the yoke of men deliberately chosen and rechosen by our own popular vote, after we knew all about them and had seen many specimens of their work. Grant was as well known in 1890 as he is to-day. So was Gilroy in 1892. He had issued from the sheriff's office in its most corrupt and degraded period, and had in 1890, when appointed commissioner of public works, immediately made Barney Martin, an old grogshop-keeper, who had been indicted for bribery, his deputy. Our oppressors, in short, did not get hold of power by a *coup d'état* or by force of arms. They got it by the choice of the people. We have honored Grant as much as we have honored any of his predecessors, if not more. Therefore Dr. Parkhurst's testimonial should be something for himself and his family and not for the public sight-seer. This Tammany hallucination of 1888-'92 will always be an interesting historical episode, but not a thing to commemorate in brass or marble.

A prominent member of the Hawaiian Government, Mr. Damon, told his fellow-councillors a few weeks ago: "If we wait for the United States to give us annexation, we shall have to wait a long time. What is to be done, we must do ourselves." This doctrine is now "treason" among the Hawaiian extremists. They must have annexation immediately, and there is no use in talking about establishing a government on any other basis. Yet there is evidently a growing conviction among the revolutionists that they must continue to hold their own dog by the ears for some time to come. This conviction will not be weakened by the growing indifference of the Republicans to poor outraged Hawaii. When the furious Boutelle tries to annex by resolution in the next Congress, he will find Speaker Reed as stubborn and noisy with the gavel as ever Speaker Crisp was.

That the art of war in modern times is more and more reducing itself to the art of finance, we have lately had many facts to remind us afresh. War, in truth, is only another name for financial speculation on a great scale. If Japan whips China, she stands to win $200,000,000, which she will exact as "indemnity"—that is, as a return on her investment. Military glory continues to be a fine thing in the eyes of mankind, but, without an accompaniment of hard cash when all is over, it partakes too much of the nature of a barren ideality. At any rate the finance ministers who have to provide the funds for securing the glory,

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keep a sharp eye on the gold which they hope to get along with it, and, if it comes to a choice between the two, are disposed to say with Omar Khayyám, "Take the cash and waive the rest." Even such "war scares" as those caused by the death of the Czar, when it was first seen to be impending, or the threat of complications between France and England, or the troubles of the French in Madagascar, throw the stock markets into a shiver, and show how war in a commercial and industrial world is like blood-poisoning in the body. When hot-heads begin to talk about the need of fighting off Russian assaults on Afghanistan, the bankers and merchants at once begin to ask who is to provide the $20,000,000 necessary to send a British army there, or the $100,000,000 which would be required to keep it there a few months. Down go the stocks until the official assurance comes that there is "nothing in it."

A writer in the *Investors' Review*, commenting on this intimate connection of finance and war, asks why the "swaggering fire-eaters" can never be got to look on this side of the picture. He truthfully says, anticipating what Lord Rosebery substantially declared the other night at the lord mayor's banquet, that "the editor's room is often worse than a barrack-room for its blatant display of we-can-lick-creation, brainless insolence." For a nation that lives by commerce and is owed money by three-quarters of the world, this bloody-bones style of talk is not only contemptible, but dangerous. A great war would promptly ruin half the investors in England, and probably cost Great Britain half her empire. The writer in the *Review* would be glad to see a Government official stationed behind the chair of every Jingo editor, constantly putting to him the question, "How are you going to pay your income tax of three shillings in the pound with half the banks broken and consols at 80?" But the editor would have a complete answer ready. He would either deny that he ever had any income tax to pay, or would affirm that he could easily make up the difference by the immense profits on his war extras. The only thorough-going remedy is the one we have long advocated—namely, a law compelling all fighting-editors to go at once to the front, and be given as near a view as possible of that "hell of death and destruction" to which distance lends, in their eyes, such enchantment.

Lord Rosebery is "catching it," both from the Radicals, the Liberal Unionists, and the Irish. The Irish, who really have his official existence in their hands, are growing more and more impatient over the way in which home rule has apparently been relegated to the rear. Redmond, who commands the Parnellite ten votes, demands an immediate dissolution on the home-rule issue simply and solely, so as to get a plébiscite on it, and ridicules the anti-Parnellites for their willingness to wait till Rosebery "mends" the House of Lords; and the anti-Parnellites have not much to say in defence. The Radicals, on the other hand, led by Labouchere and the *Chronicle*, flout him because he is a peer and because he does not appear to have much mind of his own. The Liberal Unionists sneer at him because, although he attacks the House of Lords, he does not say how he is to get rid of it, or what he is going to substitute for it. He probably does not know what had better be done; but what just now seems most probable is a dissolution on the question of the Lords. If he got "a plain popular mandate" to "mend or end" the Lords, he could then take some decided step in the Commons against them, but hardly otherwise. The step most talked of is a resolution of the Commons declaring themselves the paramount legislative body, but if the Lords chose to disregard this and throw out a Commons bill, would such a bill be accepted by the country as law? Neither party seems to like to face a situation of this sort, and yet it has to be faced if anything is to be done. Mr. Chamberlain has, in the meantime, come forward with some positive measures for the Liberal Unionists, which have been received with general ridicule. Construction is evidently not his forte, though he did prove a very successful administrator as mayor of Birmingham.

A very remarkable episode in parliamentary government is approaching a crisis in the little colony of Newfoundland. One year ago this month, the party in power went to the country on the legal expiration of the Legislature. The chances at the polls were heavily against the ministry and the electoral contest was bitter. But Premier Whiteway and his lieutenants, as was afterwards fully proved in court, used the Public Works Department most effectively to purchase votes. Written agreements by the ministers awarding road-building contracts on the promise of political support have since been placed in evidence. The ministry won, electing twenty-five members out of the total thirty-seven. Three months later the Opposition began legal proceedings against the successful bribe-givers. Evidence was overwhelming, and although the colonial judges were of the ministry's own party, fifteen of the twenty-five "Whitewayites," including the premier himself, were formally unseated. The Whiteway ministry thereupon resigned, their purpose being to force a general election and secure the return of the disqualified legislators. This plan failed. The Governor-General, acting under advice from the British ministry, prorogued the Parliament three successive times, and eventually adopted the extreme measure of collecting the customs revenue without a legislative appropriation bill. By these bold expedients, in the face of actual rioting, the bye-elections were put off until the fall, when it was hoped that public sentiment would be thoroughly aroused against the corruptionists. But the hope has not been justified. The six most important bye-elections for the seats of the disqualified members have now been held, and the Whiteway candidates have won by heavily increased majorities. The unseated corruptionists could not, of course, stand personally for this Parliament; but the plainly avowed plan is to organize a new Whiteway ministry, vote it down by its own supporters, and thus force a general election through which the culprits of 1893 may all return. As the moral force of the British Government is publicly enlisted against the now victorious Newfoundland party, the outcome will be interesting.

M. Numa Droz, several times President of the Swiss Confederation, and at present one of the most considerable figures in Switzerland, has lately published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* his views on the working of the referendum and the initiative. They will not encourage the eager people who are bent on saving our own country by transplanting here those political contrivances. M. Droz concludes, after observing the drift of things for many years, that the conservative democracy of Switzerland is in danger of losing the moderation which has so long been the admiration of Europe, and of taking a plunge into unrestrained demagogy. The sole principle of authority in the Swiss Government resides in its representative character, and the initative tends all the while to destroy this and transform legislators into mere electric buttons for the people to press. Tracing the history of politics in his own land, M. Droz remarks that the referendum "furnished of itself a base of operations for demagogy," but that only half the mischief could be done by its aid. By it popular whim could paralyze legislation, but could not itself legislate. So the initiative was devised to change the wooden sword into one of steel, and now, according to the ex-President, "the Government is in a fair way to be pushed aside, in all important matters, and to pass into the hands of political committees." He refuses to be comforted even by the recent rejection of the ridiculous law, brought to vote through the initiative, affirming the "right to work." This only shows, he says, that the Swiss people are not at present inclined to socialism, not that they are opposed to absurd and noxious laws as such. He instances the anti-Semitic amendment to the Constitution, voted into the organic law "amid universal apathy," as a specimen of the kind of laws which he expects demagogy to succeed in passing through the initiative. The outlook fills the veteran Swiss statesman with sadness.

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THE REPORT ON THE CHICAGO STRIKE.

THE report of the commission appointed by the President to investigate the Chicago strike has been made public. It is a disappointing, in some respects a very disturbing, document. In matters of fact its compilation of statistics will prove useful as a permanent record, though everything recorded was known before; but in its theorizings and recommendations it takes many surprising and dangerous positions.

The commission was appointed in pursuance of a law which provides that where both of the parties to a labor "difference" will not agree to submit it to arbitration, the President may, "either upon his own motion or upon the application of one of the parties," name a commission to "examine the causes of the controversy, the conditions accompanying, and the best means of adjusting it." Now, this particular "controversy" was already "adjusted" when the commission went to work. Debs had abdicated, and the Pullman strikers who had been lured into his organization by an exaggerated idea of his power to bring railway kings to their knees, had gone back to work, and were glad enough to do so. Under these circumstances the duty of the commission would appear to have been simply to collect facts about the causes of the strike and the conditions accompanying it. This they, in fact, did, and their account is reasonably complete and impartial. But, not content with this, they argue a great deal to show how a controversy that had adjusted itself in a particular way should really have been adjusted in another and radically different way, and wind up with some extraordinary propositions about compulsory arbitration and a permanent United States strike commission. This may not have been going outside of their powers, but it certainly was overstepping the bounds of propriety and prudence.

Without stopping over many details of the report that invite criticism, we will direct attention to two vital points in which it seems to us to be both mistaken and mischievous. One is the expression of the conviction that, at the very crisis of our civil war last summer, the Pullman Company and the General Managers' Association should have consented to arbitrate, or at least to the appointment of a committee to see if there was anything to be arbitrated. Referring to the firm stand taken by the company and the association, the commission says that it "is impressed with the belief, by the evidence and the attendant circumstances as disclosed, that a different policy would have prevented the loss of life and great loss of property and wages occasioned by the strike."

The narrative of events leading up to this conclusion is grossly inadequate and unfair—unconsciously so, no doubt. All the rioting and the plundering and burning are left out—all the terrorism, extending over large sections of the country and affecting millions of citizens, with the need of calling out the troops, State and national; and the impression is given that it was just an ordinary peaceful strike which the implacable Pullman and the hard-hearted managers refused to arbitrate. The report gravely recites the efforts of the "Civic Federation" of Chicago, made up of "eminent citizens," to intervene, together with those of the Common Council and the mayor of the city, and notes with a pained air that the "stereotyped answer" was returned to them all, as also to Mayor Pingree of Detroit, "himself a large manufacturer," though backed up by telegrams from fifty other mayors. Not a word *here* about the shooting and train-wrecking and blockading, about the distress of travellers and the threatened famine in many cities; not a word about the intense excitement throughout the whole country, and the general feeling that the existence of the Government and of society itself was at stake, and that to give in to the strikers at that point or at any point would be a deadly blow to liberty and the rights of property—nothing of this, but only the statement that the commission is "impressed with the belief" that the company and the managers should have given in.

This part of the report is only a travesty. What account of the "circumstances accompanying" this strike, which was not so much a strike as a social convulsion, can be complete if it leaves out the intense anxiety of the best citizens lest a fatal surrender of principle should be made? Much has been said about the disagreeable character of Mr. Pullman and his hard and tyrannical ways, as of a little despot. We have nothing to say about all that, but we do affirm that there were hundreds of thousands of the best American citizens who rejoiced with great joy at that critical moment that Mr. Pullman was unyielding. They did not care if he was disagreeable personally, or if his firmness was mere stubbornness. He could not be too mulish or arbitrary for them or the occasion. Americans abroad anxiously scanned the fragmentary despatches and prayed fervently that Mr. Pullman would at any rate stand firm. They would have been willing that he should be a thousand times more disagreeable and pig-headed, if necessary, to make him the man to settle that principle of law in this country, then and there. He did settle it, and the country owes him a great debt, whether he is a likable and kindly man or not, and whether the commission is impressed with a belief to the contrary or not. Providence never showed a more tender care for this country than in having an unpleasant man ready for that emergency.

The other astonishing position taken by the commission is in favor of compulsory arbitration, binding on the railroads but not binding on the employees. This seems too absurd to be credible, but there it stands in black and white. "Railroads have not the inherent rights of employers engaged in private business," and hence a law can be passed to compel them to pay whatever wages a commission of arbitration may fix upon. On the other hand, employees have an "inherent, inalienable right to work or quit," and therefore they cannot be forced to accept wages they do not like. This is the most laborish scheme of compulsory arbitration ever devised, and has about as much chance of being adopted as the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose principle in gambling. We presume the commission was led into its ambitious theorizings and suggestions of remedies for all labor troubles out of a desire to magnify its office. It seemed too paltry for men under Government appointment at $10 a day simply to gather together facts already perfectly well known; so they had to affect the oracle and bring out another solution of the labor problem. Luckily, their opinions carry no official weight and will be accepted only for what they are worth.

One good result of the report will be increased hesitation about appointing commissions to inquire into the origin and causes of "labor troubles." There have been several of these commissions during the last ten years here, in England, Germany, and France. They have not only never found anything out that everybody did not know already, but have in many cases, through the strong temptation to coddle labor which in these days of democracy besets every public and even semi-public man, done a good deal to aggravate the laborer's discontent and set class against class. There is hardly any man who is fit to conduct such inquiries unless a judge sitting in a lawsuit. Most investigators are either strongly opposed to all the pretensions of labor, or else their heads are stuffed full of the vague socialistic longings which are already such an affliction to all industry. In either case the report only aggravates the trouble. Labor disputes are generally very simple, and nobody can possibly settle them but the parties to them. They alone know all the facts, and they have the deepest possible interest in coming to terms. The interference of outsiders, unless asked for by *both sides*, ought to be a gross impertinence. Nothing is more needed at this crisis than the practice of treating the working classes as business men fully capable of managing their own affairs, and not as children who are being put upon by their elders, and are to be forgiven if, in their childish rage, they break the furniture and throw the bedding out of the windows.

THE FILLING OF THE OFFICES.

THE question how the Governor and the mayor are to fill the vacancies made by the men who are to "go," is one which not unnaturally begins to occupy the public mind. The Governor has about two dozen appointments to make of first-class importance, to offices now held by Hill and

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Murphy "workers." An outside estimate of the candidates for these State offices would give twenty-five to each. This makes six hundred in all. Give each candidate ten backers and endorsers, and we have a total of 6,000 persons who are deeply interested in the disposition of these places—that is, 6,000 persons who desire them to be filled for other reasons than the good of the community. To all the others it is a matter of supreme indifference who fill them, provided the work be well done. Now, the total vote of the State at the last election was about 1,200,000. Add to this as many women who did not vote but have an equal interest with the men in good government, and we have 2,400,000. Deduct from this the 6,000 office-seekers, and we have 2,394,000 to whom the filling of the offices has no interest whatever, provided they are well filled. So that those who will beset Gov. Morton to get him to give them a living out of the State treasury without regard to their qualifications are about one four-hundredth part, not of the population, but of the adults of both sexes.

There is very little difficulty in filling these offices if fitness only and not claims is to be considered. But it is perhaps asking too much to ask Mr. Morton to fill them for fitness only. Republicans have probably been too long excluded from these State offices to make it possible for any one man to withstand their rush, or totally exclude the consideration of "claims." But in considering "claims," we may fairly ask him to take two things into account. One is the very great change in the position of "workers" since the Republicans were last successful in this State. He must remember in the first place that it was they who in 1885 brought Hill into the governorship by arranging a great Republican abstention in order to "spite the Mugwumps," so that what we have really been doing at the last election, is undoing, by "toil of heart and knees and hands," the mischief wrought in that unhappy year by the Republican managers. In the next place, there has probably never been a Governor elected in this State who could so truly say that he owed nothing to either party. No one is foolish enough to pretend that Morton's majority of 157,000 came from either party. It came from the honest, sober-minded, industrious people of both parties, who do not care who get the offices, but do desire good government. It would, therefore, be peculiarly unfortunate if he were to listen for one moment to the advice of a man like Platt, who not only had no share whatever in winning the victory, but has been for many years closely identified with the system of corruption which the election of November 6 was intended to overthrow. The Tammany police justices, for instance, are largely the result of a "deal" of his in 1888.

In the last place, it must not be forgotten that the new ballot act has greatly changed the position of the worker in politics. He is no longer entitled to the consideration he used, and perhaps not unreasonably, to claim. The first essential of his trade was the publicity of the vote. It was necessary to his business success that the way a man voted should be known to his neighbors, and for this purpose the worker put the ticket into his hands and saw it deposited in the ballot-box. For a service of this kind it was well worth the while for the late Mr. Thorndike Rice to pay the late Mike Cregan $5,000, and it is nothing to the purpose that Mike betrayed him and "ran out" his rival's tickets. A faithful worker was extremely useful under the old system to both his party and his employer. Under the present law this is no longer possible. No worker can tell how many votes he has influenced, if any, and he is, therefore, not entitled to any office as of right. Let us note, too, that Hill and Murphy have had all the offices for nearly ten years, and have nevertheless suffered ruinous defeat. The ballot law will undoubtedly be made still more stringent next spring, possibly by the adoption of the Myers machine. This will insure absolute secrecy and fair counting, so that the occupation of the working politician will be completely gone.

The result of this will probably reach farther than we now imagine. It will undoubtedly give appointing officers a much freer hand. It will make "claims" much more difficult to establish. Above all, it will restore speaking and writing, or in other words discussion, to their old place in American politics. It will make impossible a repetition of Hill's impudent boast, that "they had got the brass bands, but he had got the delegates." It will make nominations by conventions much less valuable because they will give less sure promise of election. Nothing is more encouraging than the uncertainty about results which now prevails in this State, and has been increasing for some years. The rapidity and unexpectedness with which majorities pass from one party to another does for our politics what the tides do for the sea. They keep it sweet and pure. They give such an assurance as nothing else can, that what the people desire, of all things, is not party triumphs, but good government.

CONCERNING PLATT.

EVERY one who has followed the course of New York politics is aware that Mr. Thomas Platt has long played a prominent part in it, not as a formulator of ideas or a framer of policies, but as a distributor of patronage and as a controller of the rural legislators through patronage, or we know not what. If we were called on to say, in fact, who besides the local bosses had done most to build up Tammany in the city and make it a power in the land, we should say it was Mr. Platt. Consequently, although he is to-day trying to get the reformers to come and "confer" with him, he is himself part of the thing to be reformed. Why he interests himself in politics at all, why he does not confine himself to the conduct of his express business, has never been satisfactorily explained. But the fact is that for ten years he has been, we might say, permanently in command of the Republican party in this State, and constantly engaged in negotiations with Tammany in its name. His process has been very simple: when the Republicans have had a majority in the Legislature, he has "struck" Tammany for offices and contracts by threatening hostile legislation or investigation. When his medium of exchange consists in investigation, he bargains for the amount of investigation there shall be, which departments shall be touched and which let alone, and at what point the investigators shall be "called off." When the Republicans are in a minority, he makes them connive at Tammany schemes, vote for them, and keep silent about their real character in debate, or in some way prevent public opinion from getting at them. But his pay is always the same—a slice of Tammany patronage.

This, however, is all an old story—what the lawyers call "familiar knowledge." We recur to it to-day for the purpose of pointing out, what is too often forgotten, that Platt could not be the mischievous boss he is if the Republican legislators from the country were not willing to serve under his orders. No man can be a leader unless he can find followers. We do not attempt to explain why for years back the Republican legislators have taken the earliest opportunity after their election to "confer" with Platt, why they make journeys to New York to see him, why they take orders and courses of conduct from him—why last year, for instance, they left untouched, presumably under his directions, five or six most important reformatory bills until they were driven into considering them by the clamors of the press, in the very last days of the session—why the Lexow investigation was strictly confined to departments connected with the police, and why even now, after the storm of righteous wrath with unrighteous practices has passed over the land, some of the most prominent Republicans may be seen sneaking around his office, and trying doubtless to get instructions from him.

These things are all mysteries which we make no pretence of being able to solve. We call attention to them as among the most important facts of the hour. If the practice of consulting and deferring to Platt, in fact, cannot be broken up in the next Legislature, we greatly fear that many of the bright hopes of the reformers will not be fulfilled. No reform can be successful in this State which does not reach Platt himself. He is himself a gross abuse, one of the grossest we have to contend with.

If it be said that his power of mischief will be destroyed by the fact that Tam-

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many has now nothing to bargain with, we answer that the defeat or postponement of a power-of-removal bill would be worth more to Tammany to-day in money alone than anything Platt has ever had to offer. The passing of such a bill means the loss to the organization of a payroll of about $15,000,000 annually, and nothing would be easier than to raise among the Boys a sum, "for political purposes," which would keep Platt's treasury full for a good while, and which he could accept, as Croker has accepted blackmail, without any breach of the law. It is only in case of the passage of such a bill that Tammany cannot "trade." As long as it holds the offices, the materials exist for the finest "deal" Platt has ever made or imagined. We find already that there is a good deal of whispering going on about the probability that no such act will pass, but if it does not pass, the reform effort of the last month will be utterly thrown away. Consequently it is not with the devil but with the sinners we have to deal to-day. Platt is certain not to change: death will probably overtake him in the middle of a "deal." But we cannot help hoping that the new Republican legislators have felt and shared the passionate aspiration for better government, for a more manly and American way of facing political responsibilities, which has carried them into power, and that on this occasion at least, if only for once in their lives, they will try to stand on their own feet.

One great ground of hope lies in the changed attitude of the New York *Tribune* towards Platt. That paper is, as the party organ, probably the only New York paper which reaches the Republican legislators, or has any influence on them; and its exposure of Platt's methods is all that could be desired and ought to bear fruit.

SECULAR ACTIVITIES OF THE CHURCH.

One of the warmest discussions of the Episcopal Church Congress in Boston was that on the topic, "The Church's Duty in the Matter of Secular Activities." This can hardly be called a burning question with Episcopalians, since tradition and church polity and the general level of good taste in their denomination have kept them from the temptation to go to such extremes as other churches have fallen into. One of the speakers at the congress exhibited a huge green poster announcing a benefit to be given for a rural church in Massachusetts, and enumerating among the features "a song and dance sketch," an impersonation of "The Bowery Girls," and a skirt dance. It need not be said that it was not an Episcopal church.

At the same time, it is clear from the course of events in England and in this country that even the staid and æsthetic Episcopal church feels the running of the strong tide in the ecclesiastical world, and has to face the question of a great expansion of the church's activity on the social side. The mystic letters P. S. A. are well understood in the Church of England, we believe, and denote a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Association for the promotion of good times and attachment to the church through getting up excursions and bicycle runs after the morning service, to fetch up somewhere for a sermon (guaranteed to be short) on Ezekiel's wheels or some such relevant topic. And on this side the water the clubs and brotherhoods and sodalities have wondrously multiplied in the last few years. What other denominations have given in to almost unreservedly —that is, all kinds of social contrivances and organizations to "make it interesting for the young people"—has become something for the Episcopalians to consider. This is clear from the prominence given the subject in the Boston Congress. What the debate also made clear is, that there is a division of opinion on the question in the Episcopal church, with the weight of numbers apparently in favor of indefinitely extending the social side of the church's work.

The chief speaker in opposition was the Rev. W. B. Hale. Two articles of his in the *Forum* on religious conditions in Massachusetts country towns and in Fall River have marked him as a man with a keen eye for facts and a praiseworthy bluntness of speech. His argument against what he called "the desecration of the church" through the "crowding sensational performances which index its secularization," appears to have been vigorously presented and to have made a deep impression. What he would have the church do is to stand before men as "a great, imposing spiritual fact," given up to the proclamation of "the Gospel of faith, righteousness, and judgment to come," and leaving all this business of libraries and gymnasiums and music-rooms to other and profaner hands.

But is there any hope of this view being now realized? What, in fact, is the reason why the church has been driven by circumstances, or led by Providence, as one chooses, into this new attitude towards social pursuits and enjoyments? Looking at the matter dispassionately, it seems clear that it is because the old attitude of sacred aloofness has broken down, in the sense that of itself it can no longer command the support and affection of mankind. It is indeed a fine conception, that of the church as a great, imposing spiritual fact, standing apart from the hurlyburly and the coarseness of ordinary life; but how if so standing only means an increasing isolation and ineffectiveness; how if so standing ceases to make it an imposing fact at all? We leave it to those most concerned to say why it is so, but the fact of the loosening hold of the church and church doctrine of the old style on the minds and hearts of men we take to be admitted. It is implied in all such discussions as the one to which we are referring.

If this is the case, it becomes simply a question of ordinary human expediency and of a desire to get the most good possible out of a great and venerable institution, what is to be done to restore and increase its power. As far as we can see, there are but two courses open. One is to readjust the doctrine—that is, to "reconcile science and religion," to refine and explain away the old difficulties which press so heavily on the modern intellect. But this is a painful and a dubious process. A brand-new theory of inspiration, or a clever dodging through the first chapters of Genesis, is not calculated to make the church a great and imposing fact. Moreover, the operation is at best Sisyphean, for no sooner have you got religion well reconciled with current science than a new science comes along to compel you to begin the job all over again. The old theology has, in practice, to meet the terrible difficulty of a "we-know-all-that" air in the congregations of to-day, while it seems to be the weakness of the new theology that it starts more doubts in one sermon than it can lay in two. A preacher in Whitechapel recently had a painful experience of this. He had discoursed on the new view of hell, not as a place of physical suffering, but as a state of sin and alienation from God, the soul itself its own dungeon. Walking out behind some of his hearers, he heard one of them say to another: "Parson says there be'ant no hell, Dick. Where be you and I to go then?" The new theology had filled them with a fresh sense of homelessness, as if their one sure provision for the future had been suddenly taken away.

A much surer as well as a more useful way to restore and preserve the prestige of the church seems to us to lie in development on the social side. It was never more obvious than it is to-day that the principal strength of the church is as a social institution, and a frank recognition of that fact seems only proper. Certain it is that the newer organizations and observances which tend to make the church less awful and more human have done a great deal to win back to it the indifferent. This being so, it is idle to argue against them. As long as the new methods can do what the old methods aimed to do but failed of achieving, they will surely remain in vogue. Whatever may be their effect on the historic conception of the church or on the doctrine of the church—and the effect on both cannot but be profound—they will be cherished for their excellent practical and reformatory results. And it would be hard to deny that such results are their sufficient justification.

WORKING WITH FROUDE ON *FRASER'S MAGAZINE*.—I.

New York, November, 1894.

Near the close of 1863 I was invited by Froude to visit him, in consequence of an article of mine sent, by Carlyle's suggestion, to *Fraser* ("The Transcendentalists of Concord"), and for eighteen years I enjoyed his friendship.

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I continued writing for *Fraser* so long as he was its editor. His characteristic liberality was a good deal pressed by my articles during the civil war in America and the period of reconstruction. He was not quite a captive of Carlyle on the negro question; he regarded slavery as an evil, but he had the instinctive dislike of a philosophical historian to revolutionary or militant methods of reform. At the time, many of his views on American questions appeared to me merely academic, but I have since often had to reflect on the greater foresight with which he apprehended some of the sequelæ of a reform secured, however inevitably, by force. Moreover, Froude was able to quote some of the most eminent abolitionists in America against the policy of "coercing the South," such sentiments having been freely uttered before the attack on Fort Sumter. In one of his earliest notes to me, Froude says:

"I am amazed by the course Motley has taken. He once stayed at my house, when the trouble in America was beginning, and completely indoctrinated me into the idea of disunion, which he *thought to be the feeling* of the North. But when I met him after the war had broken out, and spoke of his former sentiments, he almost foamed at the mouth."

Although my political articles were hard for Confederate sympathizers to bear, Froude never changed a sentence himself, and rarely induced me to alter them; and only in one case ("The New Rebellion in America," November, 1867) did he print any disclaimer. This was in a footnote saying that the paper expressed "the opinions of the extreme Republican party; opinions curious and interesting in themselves, yet not necessarily sound or certain to be verified by fact." His usage, after I had selected a subject relating to the struggle, was to write me some thoughts, strongly put, meant to restrain my enthusiasm, which saw the New Jerusalem hovering over America, and waiting to alight when the negro was made a citizen. As all articles in *Fraser* were anonymous, such restraint was not unfair; and in reading the subjoined extracts from Froude's notes their practical purpose as well as their off-hand character should be remembered:

"I am going to ask you to revise some of the more gushing passages in your last five pages. My own intense conviction is that fifty years hence people will look upon the whole emancipation enthusiasm as—like many other enthusiasms—a dream of madness. I do not wish to make my own opinion the absolute rule of what is to appear in *Fraser*, and still less do I look forward to what will be said of us fifty years hence; but I do not like to affect a tone of thinking and feeling the precise reverse of the truth."

This note related to an article which appeared in June, 1865, "The Assassination of President Lincoln." I had good reason to be grateful for the alterations asked for, as they diminished the stock I had taken in Andrew Johnson, so soon to become worthless. As I was a Virginian, both Carlyle and Froude listened to my views about slavery with respect, and Carlyle generally encouraged him to let me have my say in the magazine, though he sometimes stormed at me about them afterwards. No article was ever refused admission. Premising only that Froude never gave the year in his dates, I continue the extracts, which refer to different papers, without interruption.

"I fear that on the slave question I agree more nearly with Carlyle than with you. At least I look on it, and have all my life looked on it, as a thing to be allowed to wear itself gradually away as civilization advances. You cannot treat an institution as old as mankind as a crime to be put out by force. If you do, you are unjust, and the injustice will recoil upon yourselves. You make wrong into right by treating it unfairly. You are playing once again on a new stage the old game of Philip the Second and Alva. You cannot be more persuaded of the wickedness of slavery than they were of the wickedness of heresy. The universe does not allow one section of mankind to inflict its views upon another at the point of the sword. If the sword is pressed into a service beyond the common sense of mankind, it will kill the man that uses it. You won't believe any of this, but you will find it to be so, unless the laws under which we live in this world are suddenly altered."

"Your article suggests so many considerations that I am obliged to pause upon it for a month. Either I must add notes or you must introduce *qualifications*. You accuse England of want of sympathy. England has no want of sympathy, but England has been taught lessons by painful experience. You propose to force the South henceforward to govern itself by Northern ideas, and you think that now, after Grant's election, they are certain to comply. England has for 700 years been trying to force English ideas upon Ireland, at least as superior in themselves as yours are to the Virginians'. Our Catholic Church in the 16th century was more bloody and cruel to heretics than the Black Code to the negroes. We have conquered the country fifty times, confiscated the estates, settled provinces with immigrants, instituted preachers of our ideas in every parish in the island; and we are now obliged to confess that we have gone to work the wrong way, and were attempting the impossible. It is curious that the only Englishmen who do loudly agree with your Republicans are those who are the loudest the other way about Ireland. You may be right, and you may succeed, but if you do I shall expect to hear that Congress has successfully repealed the law of gravitation. There is not a single instance in history in which one nation, or one part of a nation, has succeeded by force in compelling the unwilling adoption of its own creed, however superior that creed may be. 'Wrong,' we have learnt, 'is no match for right'; but it is more than a match for right and power combined. . . .

"*If you wish to persuade us, it will not be by setting down what you call our coldness to ill-will or indifference, but by recognizing that we Old-World people have reasons for hesitation and distrust, and by showing why those reasons are not applicable.* Every word you say in this article I can parallel from Irish state papers advocating the policy which has brought us to our present difficulties. The argument of arguments, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was that the only enemies of England were the chiefs and the land-owners; that those very chiefs were the brutal oppressors of the peasantry, and that our business was to destroy the 'O's' and the 'Macs,' and establish the 'earth-tillers' in their place, supported by English immigrants, English laws, an English creed, and an English army. What has come of all that? The earth-tillers preferred poverty and wrong under their own chiefs to prosperous industry under us. Our immigrants imbibed Irish ways of thinking, and turned against us; and here we are. Cool English spectators feel assured that the negroes, having to live among the Southern whites, will be led by them in the same way, that you must and will fail as we failed, and that the only results of what you are doing (by you I mean Emerson, Wendell Phillips, yourself, and those who agree with you) will be to make the ultimate separation of North and South in some shape or other absolutely necessary and certain."

"I do not wholly believe the telegraph report of [President] Johnson's message. He is not likely to be standing out in mere dogged obstinacy. I shall be glad to hear what you think of a letter from Jonathan to John—a wild production, but not without character and merit." (The pamphlet alluded to was written by myself.)

"Write by all means. I shall be glad to have your view about the impending struggle [State reconstruction]. Only remember what we in England said from the beginning—that the war was the least part of the matter; that the real difficulty would begin after the South was conquered. So far as we can see, things are going exactly the way we expected. You are compelled to keep up a military government in the South, and that military government increases the feelings which render it necessary. *Mutatis mutandis*, you are repeating our experience with Scotland. We could conquer it and hold it ten, twenty, thirty years. Then English taxpayers grew weary of the cost. A foreign war obliged us to let them go. It is by measures of this kind and not by sudden revolts that separate nationalities are formed in this world; and I adhere to my own belief that reunion on equal terms is growing daily more difficult, and reunion on any other impossible. Still, write quite freely for *Fraser*, and treat my opinion as the prejudice of an Englishman who shows only his ignorance of what he is talking about."

"It looks like fighting again; and anyhow I suppose it must come to that in the end. The South *ought to agree to have the number of their representatives diminished*—if the negroes are not to vote, they ought not to count. The further demand, that every one who held office [in the Confederacy] during the war should be disabled for the future, seems to my eyes most irrational."

"Carlyle thinks exactly as I do—being only more emphatic—as to the probability or possibility of a loving reception of New England ideas down South. Anyhow, however, I suppose you must go in, in March, which will suit with Grant's accession."

"We must get the *Alabama* affair settled before many weeks are over if we mean to escape an infernal mess. There is every good disposition towards us at present at Washington, and we ought to take advantage of it."

Froude not only used all his influence to bring about a generous settlement of our *Alabama* claims, but he steadily perceived that some of his views about the tendency of things in America were mistaken. The Southern States were not Ireland. Froude was large-minded, and knew how to say, "I was wrong." It should be added that during all the time covered by these extracts, as indeed always, Froude was invariably hospitable and kind to Americans who sought his acquaintance, and was indeed always a sincere friend of this country.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ALEXANDER III.

PARIS, November 7, 1894.

ONCE more the streets and boulevards of Paris show us the French and Russian flags united on windows and balconies; but now the tricolor and yellow flags are surmounted with long black crape. A year ago, all was joy and enthusiasm during the visit made by Admiral Avelan and his officers; now all is sorrow, uneasiness, and vague fear of the future. From the statesman to the laboring man, everybody feels that the untimely death of Alexander III. has closed a political era and opened a new *one full of uncertainties and perhaps of dangers* and of woes. You can still see in our shop windows the colored engravings showing President Carnot, in his black coat and with the red cordon of the Legion of Honor across his breast, giving his hand to the massive and tall Emperor of all the Russias. And now they are both gone, and how strange are the ironies of history. President Carnot never for a moment in his life felt himself in danger from the anarchists; if there was a representative man who could think that his life was safe and that he had nothing to fear from assassins, it was the head of a free and representative government, the president of a republic, the highest expression of the popular suffrage. Carnot, who was a calm and courageous man, always bore with reluctance and impatience the precautions of the police. Under his government all the laws passed in the House, good or bad, were passed apparently for the benefit of the working and the suffering classes; socialism pervaded the legislative work; still, Carnot

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was the chosen victim of the anarchists, of the party which has declared war on the capitalist and the bourgeoisie.

Alexander III. was, during his whole reign, thinking of the Nihilists, and, instead of becoming, like his father, their victim, he died a natural death. Nature did what dynamite or the dagger could not do. Remember under what tragical circumstances he ascended the throne. The cruel death of Alexander II., assassinated by the Nihilists, took place on the 13th of March, 1881. Alexander II. had been on the throne for twenty-six years. On the very day of his death he had sent to the Home Office an order to announce in the *Official Messenger* that he would convoke an assembly entirely composed of the provincial states and of the *dumas* of the great cities; this would have been the opening of a constitutional era, something like the "Assembly of the Notables" which preceded the Convocation of the States-General. Can we wonder that, after the horrible death of Alexander II., his son did not think it possible to give satisfaction to a party which used assassination as one of its means? The times were very threatening; the Nihilists had accomplices everywhere, even in the army, even in the imperial palaces.

One of the witnesses of the first reception which Alexander III. gave to the diplomatic corps, M. Melchior de Vogüé, writes:

"He received us on the 8th of April, in the palace which was said to be undermined, not far from the tribunal where, on the same day, appeared the assassins of Alexander II. The new monarch wore the long tunic of the Cossacks of the Don, which made him look even taller; he addressed a few words to the assembled diplomats. Accustomed as we were to the ease, the affable talk of the late Emperor, our impression was uncertain; a slight embarrassment in the person and the speech betrayed the cruel annoyance of the Czar at his first representation. Through a half-open door connecting with his writing-room, I still see three children's heads, smiling, curiously watching all these unknown strangers. Of these children, now become men, one struggles to day with an implacable malady, another has just placed on his head the heavy crown of Russia."

Alexander III. lived chiefly at his residence at Gatshina, an old and savage castle, built among a forest of fir trees and surrounded with ponds. Gatshina became a sort of fortress; the Emperor, always shy and timid, liked to live there, away from the noise of St. Petersburg. He worked incessantly, reading the reports of his ministers and putting brief notes to them. He would have no chancellor; the time of the Nesselrodes and Gortchakoffs had passed. He probably did not forgive Gortchakoff for having become a sort of tool in the hands of Bismarck. He had, like all the Slavophiles (and he was a thorough Slavophile at heart), not forgotten that Russian diplomacy had been completely defeated at the Congress of Berlin. The Russian armies, which, after the terrible fighting before Plevna, had been carried to the very door of Constantinople, had recrossed the Balkans. The Emperor became his own chancellor, and in reality his own minister of foreign affairs.

He was a man of few words; he might even be called an enigmatic man; but the development of events showed by degrees what was the exact character of his policy. His first acts proved clearly that he meant to be an autocrat, and that he did not intend to relinquish any portion of his authority. In one of the first cabinet meetings, the privy councillor Nabokoff read to his colleagues a sort of manifesto on the part of the Emperor. Loris Melikoff and Abaza, who had prepared the ukases which Alexander III. was on the point of signing when he was murdered, sent their resignations to Gatshina, and Gen. Ignatieff, a thorough Russophile, became Minister of the Interior. In an ukase of the 12th of May the Czar confessed "his faith in the strength and legitimacy of his autocratic power" to reëstablish order in the empire; he hoped to give a new development to the religious and moral sentiments of his people. He began a difficult and laborious war against corruption, which is the plague of the Russian administration. Inaugurating a policy of retrenchment, he reduced the number of offices in the imperial household, he appointed a number of commissions for the reform of the administration of the army and the police, and to regulate the condition of the former serfs. There were, when his father died, still three millions of peasants who were unable to pay for the land which had been allotted to them, and who, in consequence, remained under the severe tutelage of their former lords. They had to acquit themselves by degrees towards these masters, by bodily labor. Alexander III. came to their help; by an ukase of the 9th of January, the Government paid the lords, in banknotes, the price of the lands which were in the hands of the emancipated serfs, and they had to reimburse the State in a number of annuities. They were given all the rights of proprietorship from the date of the 1st of January, 1883. Were it only for this boon, it can easily be conceived that among the peasants Alexander III. was looked upon as a saviour and a benefactor more than an ordinary sovereign. The emancipation of the serfs could hardly have been accomplished otherwise than by the autocratic will of the Emperor; the terms of emancipation, had they been discussed by chambers necessarily composed of the former masters, could never have been as favorable as those which were adopted.

The Emperor felt in many questions the need of his autocratic power; he felt it particularly when he made the liberal ukase in favor of the Old Believers or Starovertzi, of whom there are more than thirteen millions. Though their ceremonies differ but little from those of the Orthodox church, they could not open churches, nor send their children to the schools and academies of the State; in the army, they could not become officers. Alexander III., by a stroke of the pen, put an end to all these disabilities. He chose, among the first objects of his attention, the corruption which existed in all branches of the Russian administration, and which had already been denounced by Pushkin and by all the great Russian writers. This corruption was so great, so universal, that it can be compared only to what exists in the Ottoman Empire. How far this war against the Russian form of backsheesh has been successful, it would be difficult to say; but we must nevertheless give credit to the Emperor for his attempt to cleanse the Augean stables. The Emperor's efforts were naturally directed also towards all measures which tended to put the Russian finances on a stronger basis. In these efforts he was fortunate enough to find much help in France. Napoleon III. said that France could make war for an idea; France can also make investments for an idea. When Italy joined the Triple Alliance, the French capitalists sold their Italian funds, and made investments in Russia as soon as it was generally believed that Russia was averse to war and would not allow the Triple Alliance to become offensive.

How this feeling came to become universal, it would be difficult to tell. The genesis of what is called the Franco-Russian alliance was slow; it was like one of nature's phenomena—it was born in silence and darkness. Alexander III. said nothing to the Triple Alliance; he said nothing, at first, to France: it was felt, however, that a great change was taking place in the constellations of the political sky. Alexander III. was very slow to separate from the old alliance of the three Emperors, the Dreikaiserbund, but he felt early that Austria had benefited more than Russia from the Turkish war; she had taken Servia and Herzegovina without firing a shot, while Russia could not even prevent Bulgaria from choosing a prince who was, or appeared to be, in the Austrian interests. When Alexander allowed the tie of the Dreikaiserbund to become very loose, he had to look about for some declared or at least virtual ally. There was France, all ready, isolated since 1871, and at times even alarmed about herself. It is my belief that there is not, as some people think, any written understanding between France and Russia—anything that can be compared to the diplomatic documents which bear the signatures of the sovereigns of Germany, Austria, and Italy. But Alexander III. felt himself slowly drawn towards France by a sort of irresistible necessity. With his habitual horror of writing, he avoided as much as he could written engagements; his own will, his own interest, spoke loudly enough. He felt that this sentimental Franco-Russian alliance was a great bar to those who wished to embark Europe in great adventures; he was a peacemaker, and he overcame, in the interest of peace, his natural antipathy for many men. He was also made to believe, after many years, that if there was no stability in the parliamentary cabinets of France, if they fell in succession like card-houses, there was nevertheless a certain continuity in French aspirations, likes, and dislikes; he was told that the French army survived all the parliamentary defeats, that it was imbued with a spirit of discipline and of patriotism, which, at a given moment, could make it again a most formidable weapon. And thus it happened that the Franco-Russian alliance, after having long been a mere instinct, became a fact, an obvious factor in politics.

The happiest moments which Alexander III. spent in his laborious life were probably those which he passed every year in Denmark, with the family of his wife, away from all etiquette, away from the Nihilists. Those who saw him there represent him as the best and simplest of men, fond of animals and of children, a child of nature himself; in his gigantic frame, the true type of the tender and kindly Russian, not demoralized by Occidental civilization, full of natural affections and of natural sympathies.

Correspondence.

THE MANDATE OF THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am too warm an admirer of the *Nation* to indulge in captious criticism, but in comparing your recent editorial utterances with those on the previous congressional election, there appears to me a certain inconsistency.

You will remember that after the election of 1892 you urged upon the President-elect the importance of an early session of Congress for the purpose of revising the tariff; you believing, with many others, that such was the mandate of the people. Why, then, should not

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President Cleveland call an early session of the recently elected Congress, so that the expression of the popular will be formulated in a tariff act more or less *à la* McKinley? If there was reason for attributing the election of 1892 to a tariff-reform proclivity, is there not equal reason for ascribing the recent tidal wave to a protectionist reaction?

There were few, if any, Republican speakers who participated in the recent campaign, who were not closely identified with McKinleyism. Governor McKinley was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and repeatedly nominated for the Presidency at the meetings which he addressed in New York, as well as in other States. Mr. Harrison, who signed the McKinley bill, and who has since not wavered in his convictions of its merits, was also warmly received. If Mr. Reed was apologetic, we must remember that his Presidential bee cannot well hover around the McKinley hive.

You intimate in a recent editorial that it was apathy rather than changes in conviction, rebuke to party management rather than loss of faith in party policies, which led to the Republican defeat of 1892 and the Democratic rout of 1894. But if this is conclusive, which I question, it does not appear to be more available as an argument for one election than for another. Under our system of government we are obliged to assume that a majority of voters is competent to decide on all economic, political, and financial questions which may come before them, and that such majority knows what it wants. Should not, therefore, the wishes of an overwhelming majority be promptly complied with? C. A. W.

BALTIMORE, November 15, 1894.

[To another correspondent last week we expressed our belief that the Republican majority just elected to the House could not define its mandate. In fact, if ever there was an election in off years which was obscured by mixed issues, that of November 6 was emphatically one. The necessity North and South of getting rid of the Populist incubus, and again of suppressing Tammanyism, unquestionably overruled national considerations over a large tract. Democratic apathy and abstention, produced either by hatred of corruption or disgust with the mismanagement of the tariff, cannot be interpreted to the advantage of the opposite party as a mandate contrary to Democratic principles. The President, grown wiser since 1885, refused to vote for Hill or to utter a single word—even to "save the party"—that would contribute to his success. How absurd to suppose he was thus issuing a "mandate" against himself! He knows, and we all know, that his reëlection was public approval of a tariff-reformer, and that while protectionist views were maintained and protectionist orators applauded in the late canvass, the undoing of the mutilated Wilson bill was not a favorite topic with these gentlemen. In fact, if we reasoned logically from Mr. Reed's argumentation, we should have to regard the election as a second whack at protection—for were we not told *ad nauseam* that the Democratic party stultified itself by passing a protectionist measure? Nor, to meet our correspondent's point about an early session, must we forget that the election of 1892 was a mandate to Mr. Cleveland as the head of a victorious party, for whose fidelity to its principles he more than any one else was responsible. The mandate now, if there be one, may be to the new Congress, but Mr. Cleveland has no responsibility for the party consistency of that body.—Ed. Nation.]

THE STRIKE AND THE VOTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Do you not think that in estimating the reasons why so many Democratic voters stayed at home on the last election day, some weight should be given to the resentment felt by members of the labor-unions all over the country at the action of the President in sending the United States troops to Chicago during the Pullman strike? The feeling was and is very bitter. I have no means of measuring its strength, but from what I have heard said, I should consider it one element, and a very considerable one, in the West.

Good statesmanship is sometimes very poor politics in the narrow sense. Regular troops are especially hateful to our foreign voters.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 18, 1894.

HALLUCINATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me, as the spokesman for a number of persons who carefully examined and rejected the evidence about phantasms of the dying presented in the book called 'Phantasms of the Living,' to say that we do not consider the new Census of Hallucinations as satisfactory, nor the conclusion from it legitimate; and that our objection is to the committee's logic. It is true that for any ordinary case one might let the evidence go as sufficient, but, the conclusion being so revolutionary, in our opinion an exacter proof is necessary.

We object to your assumption that whoever rejects the reasoning of the committee is necessarily a positive disbeliever in the reality of the phantasms. I, for my part, in my attack on that book, fully admitted that it ought to be regarded as sufficient to silence any pooh-poohing of the belief in ghosts.

C. S. PEIRCE.

ARISBE, MILFORD, PA., November 13, 1894.

THE ORIGIN OF *BAYOU*.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication of Prof. Wyman in No. 1533 of the *Nation*, page 361, on "the American word *bayou*," seems open to the same criticism as the 'New English Dictionary' and the 'Century' but too often invite when they pass judgment upon a word without fully canvassing the authorities. The Indian origin of *bayou* has been known to the writer of this note for some ten years past, and probably to other students of American dialect as well. It seems strange that Prof. Wyman, while acquainted with the etymologies of Pascagoula, Pensacola, Apalachicola, given by Byington and others, should have failed to notice the following passage in the first volume of Dr. A. S. Gatschet's 'A Migration Legend of the Creek Indians' (Philadelphia, 1884):

"The full form of the tribal name [*i. e.*, Bayogoula] is Bayuk-ókla, or *river-tribe, creek-* or *bayou-people;* the Cha'hta word for a smaller river, or river forming part of a delta, is *báyuk*, contr. bōk, and occurs in Boguechito Bok'húmma, etc." (p. 113).

It is in justice to my friend, the distinguished linguist of the Bureau of Ethnology, that I call attention to this, the first scientific statement of the etymology of this interesting American word. Prof. Wyman's independent solution of the etymological problem which the word has presented to many is heartily to be welcomed; but priority lies, I am fain to believe, with Dr. Gatschet. Prof. Hempl of the University of Michigan, to whom the writer of this note communicated his belief in the Indian origin of *bayou*, some time ago, is now engaged upon an investigation of the origin, history, and local distribution of the word, the results of which will no doubt soon be made public. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER, MASS., November 16, 1894.

MODERN GREEK AND ITS PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Gennadios's article on "Teaching Greek as a Living Language" has drawn out three letters in the *Nation*. Mr. Alden, in his sympathetic letter, showed clearly that he had caught, to a remarkable degree, the true spirit of modern Greek and its relation to ancient Greek. I am sorry I cannot say the same for Mr. Lawton, for his letter is most unsympapathetic; while the distinguished classical scholar, Prof. Goodwin, believes that the question of Greek pronunciation ought to be fought over, not in the columns of the *Nation*, but upon the ramparts of Constantinople between the Greeks and the Turks in a deadly combat. Blood, not ink, he declares, should decide the question. No one ever suspected so amiable a man of being so sanguinary.

Three elements constitute the modern Greek: the dialects, the common language (nicknamed Romaic), and the literary one. The dialects are used only in their respective localities; the other two prevail all over Greece, now commingling, now struggling for supremacy, and all the time making faces at each other. The common language exists by reaction or rebellion against the slavery of grammar, and it will exist just so long as the literary one exists; if the literary one perishes, the common one will perish too, for want of having something to rebel against. It is well that it is so, for this rivalry has a salutary influence on both of them, since it restrains the one from reaching too high a style, the other from reaching too low. I dare say such is the case more or less with languages everywhere.

Mr. Lawton, in calling modern Greek patois, makes the same mistake all foreigners make when they visit the mother country whose language they have studied in cold type with the eye only, without having ever learned it by ear, and hear it spoken for the first time. The common language is genuine Greek or Hellenic only here and there—in forms and syntax—free from the thraldom of grammar. The Greek detests the stiffness of formality in dress and in speech, and for this reason, when he retires to the privacy of his home, he gladly lays aside cuffs, collars, and frills, and in chatting with his family and friends he suits his speech to his dress by discarding, metaphorically speaking, the grammatical cuffs, collars, and frills from many words and phrases. This

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simple, unaffected speech is the informal speech of the people.

I used to look upon English, during my first year or so in this country, just as Mr. Lawton looks now upon Greek. From a philological standpoint, English appeared to me to be a monstrosity, the spoken language a patois, and its pronunciation a jargon; but I did not hastily write my immature impressions and send them to a Greek newspaper. Only gradually was I forced to change my opinion, and not before the English language reached my understanding through my ear. Then I began to see and appreciate the force, the beauty, and the individuality of the English language, written or spoken. And now, after a residence of nearly twenty years in the United States, I feel that, next to the Greek, nothing in the world is more beautiful than the English language, literature, and pronunciation.

Mr. Lawton's statements about the literary or journalistic language are absurd. This language is perfectly natural to, and in direct touch with, the people at large. The newspapers' style follows the popular taste; otherwise, they could not live a day. The different shades in style are due to the individualism of the writers and to the plasticity of the Greek language, ancient and modern. Xenophon's 'Anabasis' is not read in Greek schools; Esop, Lucian, and the 'Cyropædia' are read instead. Yet the journalistic style, reflecting the literary taste of the educated classes, is so high that, if a newspaper were to publish the 'Anabasis' in serial form, its readers would read it with such avidity, as contemporary war-news, that they would scarcely stop to notice here and there the few differences in forms and syntax; the style would appear to them a little too Attic, and only the arms of the soldiers would betray the age of the story.

The objections to the modern Greek pronunciation are due to prejudice. The Greeks are themselves well aware, from inscriptions and allusions in ancient authors, of certain changes in the sound of one or two vowels; but these changes had already been established in the κοινὴ διάλεκτος (*i. e.*, the Attic dialect, slightly modified, of the Alexandrian period) about the first half of the third century B. C., and in all probability as far back as Demosthenes, a century earlier. The chief characteristic of this pronunciation is the reading by the written signs that mark the accents, which were introduced at the close of the third century B. C. in order to preserve "the correctness of speech." Through the living pronunciation of the living Greeks lies the road to the life of the Greek classics, for what took Mr. Lawton years of laborious study to enable him to see (if, indeed, he has ever seen and felt) the "throbbing life and beauty" in the pages of Sophocles and Plato, an educated, native Greek will accomplish at first glance at a classic page.

J. P. LEOTSAKOS.

249 S. 15TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15, 1894.

Notes.

THE Bureau of Education has engaged Mr. Appleton Morgan and Mr. L. L. Lawrence to compile a 'Directory of American Literary Societies,' which the Bureau will print and distribute. A circular calls for certain data, the reply to which will insure the society a copy of the Directory.

S. C. Griggs &. Co., Chicago, are soon to publish an authorized translation, by E. J. MacEwan, of Freytag's 'The Technique of the Drama.'

A third edition, revised and much expanded, of Dr. Norman Kerr's 'Inebriety; or, Narcomania, its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment and Jurisprudence,' is at once to be brought out by J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

B. Westermann & Co. send us the prospectus of a folio book of travels, 'Durch Süd-Amerika: Aus der Zeichenmappe eines reisenden Künstlers,' to be published sumptuously in Hamburg by Louis Bock & Son. The travelling artist is Th. Ohlsen, whose "vehicles" are pencil, charcoal, pen, and india ink. The large scale of this publication permits very broad effects.

An assured welcome awaits the Complete Works of J. G. Whittier in a one-volume "Cambridge Edition" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a generous octave in good type with two columns to the page, uniform with the one-volume Longfellow. Here will be found everything in the seven-volume Riverside Edition, plus the supplementary collection 'At Sundown' and such poems as have been brought to light in the just published authorized Life of Whittier by Mr. Pickard. Among these are some curiosities, like the bellicose "Song of the Vermonters, 1779," which served as a quarry for "The Yankee Girl," and some rarities, like the Frémont campaign song, so hard to find in its sheet-music form. Mr. Scudder prefixes a compact and skilful sketch of the poet's career which his admirers will be glad to read. There are indexes of titles and first lines, and an etched portrait of Whittier in his later period.

Mr. William Martin Johnson, who, if we mistake not, illustrated a sumptuous edition of 'Ben Hur' for the Messrs. Harper, has employed his talent in a similar manner upon Kingsley's 'Hypatia,' now issued by the same house in covers of a vivid green silk. His designs are partly imaginative of the personages and action of the story, partly emblematic and archæological, and, again, occupy a whole page or, more commonly, indent the letterpress or haunt the margin or serve as head or tail-pieces. They are delicate and graceful, not always strong, and are drawn in wash or with the pen. We, for our part, can but regard the irregular distribution of these little pictures as a passing affectation, not truly in harmony with the art of Gutenberg; but they are remarkably even in quality, and lend an air of painstaking and outlay to the edition. Being engraved by process, they exact a shiny page, and this is a toll upon the reader who threads his way through them.

We have already spoken sufficiently of M. Masson's 'Napoléon chez lui.' This chronicle of petty details has not failed to be turned into English, by James E. Matthew; J. B. Lippincott Co. being the American publishers. The typography is needlessly open, and the two volumes might well have been made one. We cannot praise the translation; for example (vol. i., p. 64): "Ségur, who was already devoted to Bonaparte, and had joined the hussars as a volunteer in the campaign of 1800 (*whose* father, among the first to come over, etc.)"; (p. 65): "but enjoyed their favor for a short time only, *having died* of illness at the beginning of 1816." Add to this an annoying retention of French phrases: we count ten on p. 133, all in italics. The illustrations of the original are reproduced with this edition.

A longer interval was needed to find a translator and an English public for the 'Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut,' which touch the Napoleon epoch at its beginning and at its close. They have been translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and are likewise in two volumes, illustrated with portraits (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The rendering is noticeably intelligent and idiomatic.

The same publishers have resuscitated Anster's metrical version of the first part of 'Faust,' for the sake of illustrations by Frank M. Gregory. These, in various tints of heliotype, with some vignettes in the text, seldom rise above the level of prettiness, and mostly substitute pose for expression. The volume is attractively made up. So is Tennyson's 'Becket,' with the same imprint, but with illustrations by F. C. Gordon, whom a feeble play has certainly not inspired. So, for a third, is Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities' in two charming little volumes, with designs by Edmund H. Garrett—pen-etchings, full-page and vignette, not powerful, but decorative and unobtrusive, and that is a good deal. The gray cloth binding is tastefully stamped in gold.

Lovell, Coryell & Co. have reissued in two presentable volumes, with excellent portraits, Mrs. Oliphant's 'Victorian Age of English Literature,' of which we had our say as an agreeable guide-book a couple of years ago. The impression is a little faint, but the typographic page is handsome, with broad margins for notes.

Mutatis mutandis, we need only repeat our comment last summer on G. Montbard's 'Among the Moors' to convey a correct impression of this author's 'Land of the Sphinx' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It has all the defects of taste and style that distinguished his former work, and, in spite of the numerous productions of his pencil, it is not to be preferred to the dryest guide-book. Flippancy is as little in place in Egypt as perhaps in any country in the world, and flippancy is the note of this octavo of 341 pages.

Félix Dubois's 'Anarchist Peril' (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is mainly interesting on account of its collection of anarchist caricatures, which will be of value to the future historian as proof (if proof were wanting) of the very low state of art and intellect in the anarchist press. The fact is that the propaganda would have made much more impression on the world if the anarchists had confined themselves to reform "by deed." If they had merely blown people to atoms and assassinated "bourgeois" right and left without saying a word, a certain mystery would have attached to their performances which would have helped them; but the publications of their "doctrines," the dying speeches of their heroes, and the debased condition of intellect revealed by their press, have opened people's eyes to the real character of the creatures and the motives which recruit their ranks. The amazing thing is that they should ever have had men of education for leaders.

Prof. Paul Fredericq of Ghent has supplemented his recent 'Onze Historische Volksliederen' with a discourse in French on 'La Chanson Historique en Langue Néerlandaise avant les troubles religieux,' forming a little brochure of thirty-one pages. He points out the rarity of historical songs prior to the dissemination of printing, when they fell by the wayside and perished, owing to the temporary interest felt in the events which gave them birth. Still, the industry of scholars has resurrected about five hundred of them anterior to the religious troubles of the Low Countries. Of these Prof. Fredericq gives specimens with translations into French. The most interesting to the general student are two on the voyage to Spain of Philip the Fair and his Queen Juana to take possession of Castile on the death of Isabella.

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The first of these depicts in quaint terms the cowardice of Philip on being overtaken by a storm in the Channel; the other explains his early death, as caused by poison administered to him in a cup of wine by Juana. While, of course, these effusions have no weight as historical documents, they are of much interest as embodiments of popular manners and of the currents of popular thought, and their general characteristics are set forth by Prof. Fredericq with his wonted ability.

'Monsieur Cotillon,' by Henri Rabusson (Paris: Calmann Lévy), might have been a strong book; the subject—a sad enough one, the hold of vice on a man—lending itself to serious treatment rather than to the light and airy mode of handling preferred by the author. M. Rabusson has missed his opportunity; perhaps he has not power enough or talent enough to do more than see a good subject—which would be a pity.

Judging from the third number, the more serious contributors seem to be dropping away from the 'Yellow Book' (London: John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day). James and Dobson, Leighton and Sargent, are conspicuous only by their absence, and the impressionists, literary and artistic, are left to carry on the work alone. How long they can do so remains to be seen. Why is it that these gentlemen can seem to find nothing in life worth representing but the music-hall? That institution is even more prominent in this number than in either of its predecessors, and that is saying a great deal.

'The Leaping Ouananiche: What it is, where, when, and how to catch it,' by Eugene McCarthy (New York: *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.), has a self-explanatory title. The facts learned from its perusal are that the ouananiche ("leaping" is not a part of the name) is a land-locked salmon, that its habitat is confined to Lake St. John and its tributary waters, and that it can be caught during the fishing season, any time after the ice breaks up in the spring. This disposes of the "what," "where," and "when." The "how" is a more difficult matter, and the author would have done better had he left it out altogether. He makes the mistake of trying to tell how to play the fish—an art which can be gained only by experience. The ouananiche was but little known to anglers until within a few years. Its gamey qualities are now so thoroughly recognized as to need no advertisement. The book has several attractive illustrations, and is valuable as revealing a grand country for anglers.

'The Boy's Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle-Making, and Fish-Breeding,' by John Harrington Keene (Boston: Lee & Shepard), has the two virtues of clearness and completeness. It attempts to lead a boy from inartistic sucker-fishing to the essentially manly and artistic sport of trout, bass, and salmon-fishing, and nothing, to the very humblest detail, is forgotten. The author is evidently a thorough sportsman and accomplished fisherman, and his love for his subject makes his book pleasant reading even for a boy who has grown to be a man. Almost any angler, old or young, may learn things from it which he either never knew or has forgotten, and, if he follows some of its suggestions, may find his increased catch not entirely due to good luck.

In Morley Fletcher's translation of Von Kahlden's 'Methods of Pathological Histology,' with his own notes (Macmillan), are shown the latest German and the most improved English ways of microscopical work with tissues and bacteria. There are no illustrations, no pathology, and no treatment. The reader is supposed to recognize what the microscope shows him, whence the objects arise, and what they demand. But there are multiple devices for staining and fixing these factors, briefly but clearly expressed, to the great saving of the student's time and energy. On the other hand, Schenk's 'Manual of Bacteriology' translated by Dawson (Longmans) is profusely illustrated, although the scale of magnifying is very provokingly seldom noted. It does not treat of histology proper, but is a refreshing contrast in size and perspicuity to treatises that deter by their very volume. Both books are well indexed.

Dr. J. W. Downie's 'Clinical Manual for the Study of Diseases of the Throat' (Macmillan) is a good example of specialty in medicine well developed. The only omission observed is in reference to the practical question, which is of popular interest, whether the removal of enlarged tonsils injuriously affects the voice.

According to a recent article in a Russian newspaper, there were published in Russia, not including Finland, during the past year 33¾ million copies of 10,242 separate works. Of these about three-quarters were published in the Russian language, the remaining quarter being divided between the Polish, Hebrew, German, Lettish, Esthonian, Armenian, etc., in the order named. There was an increase over the preceding year in the number of books published in French, Lettish, Armenian, and Polish, a decrease in the others. The largest proportion of books in Russian, a quarter of the whole, were of a religious character.

In the *Hansische Geschichtsblätter* for 1893 (issued in October, 1894) there is an instructive essay on "Die Hanse zu Ausgang des Mittelalters" by Prof. F. Frensdorff, based on records recently published by the Verein für Hansische Geschichte. He considers the internal organization of the Hanseatic League, its functions and privileges, its relations to the Empire, to the various German principalities, and to foreign Powers. He shows that the League exerted considerable influence upon the internal government of the cities included in the federation. In 1418 an enactment was made that any city guilty of overthrowing its council or governing body should be excluded from the Hanse; this ordinance was frequently confirmed in the fifteenth century. The interesting question whether the federation was a corporation is also examined. The League contended that it was a *corpus* only as regards the enjoyment of its privileges in various countries, but not a *corpus* in the sense that the federated cities were individually liable for each other's acts.

—The third and fourth volumes of the 'Histoire Générale, du IVe siècle à nos jours,' edited by MM. Lavisse and Rambaud (Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.) are entitled respectively, 'Formation des Grands États' and 'Renaissance et Réforme: Les Nouveaux Mondes,' and cover the years 1270-1492, 1492-1559. The first wandering of the peoples (the Germanic invasions) was followed by a formative period in which kingdoms were laboriously built up only to topple down, while throughout the land the people slowly segregated into inchoate nationalities. After the second wandering (the Crusades), followed in due time a second epoch of political development, wherein were founded kingdoms which, for the most part, because they were true nations, still exist. These volumes tell the story of this second period of formation: of its beginning in the feudal state, of its rapid development under centralized authority; of the social and religious readjustments that followed the awakening of intellectual activity and moral sensibility among all classes. MM. Coville and De Crue write upon the political history of France, MM. Petit de Julleville, Müntz, Levasseur, and others upon French literature and art. MM. Bémont and Langlois deal with English history. M. Rambaud writes of Russia and the Ottoman and Mongol empires; M. Cahun of Asia, M. Masqueray of Africa. The age of maritime adventure in Portugal is assigned to M. Gallois, and M. Moireau writes with commendable conservatism of the discovery of America. The bibliographies are continued as usual, with their convenient separation of "documents" and "livres"—sources, and recent works of research.

—Prof. Wundt's 'Vorlesungen über Menschen und Thierseele,' published more than thirty years ago, can be named with E. H. Weber's articles, with Fechner's 'Psychophysik' and Helmholtz's works on sight and hearing as one of the pioneers of that experimental method of study in psychology which has become so powerful since. In 1892 Wundt published an edition of it with alterations and omissions, which we have now done into English by Professors Creighton and Titchener of Cornell, and published by Macmillan. There is much to be said against issuing an altered edition of a book that has marked a moment in the development of a science. You deprive it of its value as an historic document, and you fail to make it a genuinely modern work. Prof. Bain's recently published fourth edition of his 'Senses and Intellect' is a case strikingly in point. The translators of the present work, moreover, tell that they "have aimed to furnish a literal, as distinguished from a verbal (*sic*), rendering of the German text, . . . even at the occasional cost of literary effect." These two facts made us open the book with some alarm; but happily it proved causeless. Prof. Wundt's unexampled cleverness in bookmaking has practically led him to write a new work altogether, in which passages from the earlier one have been inserted only where they would still serve; and the translators have not fulfilled their awful threat, but have given us English that is quite unbarbarous even though it may at times be slightly heavy. The result is one of the most available text-books for use in colleges which our language now possesses. It is needless to say that of the doctrines of the earlier work the author has not left many unchanged. In particular the original explanation of so many sensations and judgments by "unconscious judgment" has of course been wholly abandoned, and mechanism and logic are no longer affirmed to be the same. Many of the results of Wundt's later thinking, as expressed at length in his larger books, are here to be found in compendious and popular form; and for a reader who wishes to make some acquaintance with the distinguished Leipzig philosopher, these lectures are decidedly the most advantageous channel of approach.

—Archdeacon Farrar's 'Life of Christ as Represented in Art' (Macmillan) is avowedly written from the ecclesiastical and religious standpoint, not the artistic. All the old talk about the symbolism and poetry of archaic frescoes from the catacombs; all the gushing enthusiasm for the "pure devotional feeling" shown in the round-faced, pursy-mouthed saints and angels of the grasping and irreligious Perugino, whom Michelangelo called a blockhead of art; all Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and ingenious readings of deep meaning into the most theatrical and brutal of Tintoret's

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scrawling sketches—are brought out again for our edification. All the pilers of words on words who ever darkened counsel on the subject of art are quoted at length. An artist who never painted a cast shadow in his life is thought to have done something wonderful when he paints figures which cast no shadows, "being angels"; the obviously natural introduction of some carpenter's tools in a picture of the Annunciation is made into a mystical allegory; the most pompous and empty composition of the pompous and empty Fra Bartolommeo is extravagantly lauded, and the commonplace Francia is exalted as a great master, while Rembrandt is denied any claim to be a "religious painter." Art, we are told, was simple and dignified in the fifteenth century because the people were reverent and faithful, and it decayed in the sixteenth not because it was ripe, but because the people had ceased to believe. Why cannot these critics see that there is as much "sadness" in Botticelli's Venuses as in his Madonnas, and that Perugino was a workman who turned out saints all of a pattern to meet the demand? But the interest in everything about art except *art* is immortal, and of the making of many books there is no end.

—Under the name of "Le Musée Social," a somewhat unique industrial institute has lately been founded in Paris, by a distinguished French economist and publicist, the Count de Chambrun, who has given for this purpose his fine old family mansion, No. 5 Rue Las-Cases, and an endowment of 200,000 francs. The three "présidents d'honneur" are MM. Jules Simon, Léon Say, and the Count de Chambrun; the active president, or chief of the faculty, being M. Jules Siegfried. According to the first article of its constitution, the object of the Count de Chambrun's institute is to place freely at the service of *the people*—by means so varied that only political and religious discussions are specifically excluded—a knowledge of "institutions and social organizations which have for their aim and end the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the artisan class." This new Sorbonne of Work, as it has been called, will offer to craftsmen of high or low degree technical instruction in certain arts, practical "advice," and the latest artistic and scientific data affecting their relations to their work or to society. It is proposed to establish workshops, sociological laboratories, a great technical library, museums, etc., and by means of object-lessons, lectures, conferences, conventions, reports, prizes, and medals, to create a sort of sociological clearing-house, which may become a national centre of instruction and of counsel to wage-earners, and a medium for spreading among them a familiarity with sound economic social theories, and of successful industrial experiments, both at home and abroad. The social-economic exhibits (documents, models, photographs, designs in relief, etc.), which formed so striking a feature of the French display in Paris (1889) and in Chicago (1893), have been given as the nucleus of the Chambrun Museum; the French Government has, by special decree of President Casimir-Perier, endorsed La Société du Musée Social as "an establishment of public usefulness," and has authorized it to report annually to the Minister of Commerce and Industry—which authorization goes far towards securing in the future a State grant. Although the institute will not open until January, 1895, and its attitude towards its clientèle, as expressed in its constiution, is somewhat patronizing, it seems to us entitled to tabulation as the latest attempt on the part of scientific philanthropists to direct into safe and helpful channels the formidable power of the modern workman.

—Some weeks ago M. Georges Docquois convoked in the columns of the Paris *Journal* a "Congrès des Poètes," to each of whom was addressed the somewhat delicate question; "Quel est, selon vous, celui qui, dans la gloire ainsi que dans le respect des jeunes, va remplacer Leconte de Lisle?" The inquiry was taken up and carried further in the *Plume* of October 15 31. No less than one hundred and eighty-nine poets sent in their opinions. The frankest answer, and not the least critical (as regards the inquiry, at any rate), was that of M. Émile Bergerat, who, with a quiet smile, voted for himself. In the general result, Verlaine came out at the head of the poll by a great majority. He received seventy-seven votes, and there was a great gap between him and José-Maria de Hérédia, who followed with thirty-eight. Then came in their order, Stéphane Mallarmé (36), Sully-Prudhomme (32), François Coppée (26), J. Richepin (21), Léon Dierx (15), Catulle Mendès (14), Henry de Regnier (11), and Frédéric Mistral (9). Two names of Americans appear on the list; F. Vielé-Griffin (5), and Stuart Merrill (3). It will be seen that the question, as put, was somewhat embarrassing. It suggests a comparison between two poets who stand apart in violent contrast with each other. The characteristic "note" of Leconte de Lisle's verse, as of his life, was its faultless deportment. That is not the note of Verlaine. His verse, exquisitely musical, is not always faultless if scanned on thumbs and fingers; while his disordered, unhappy life excites other emotions than those of a cool respect. Nothing less than love and pity can the impression fill which his own dual nature and untoward circumstances, as well as vulgar scandal, have stamped upon his brow. And, besides, to many the word "remplacer," for various and possibly opposite reasons, will seem ill-chosen. At any rate, such satisfaction as is proper may be felt at the prospect which is opened in French literature by the manifestation of such a multitude of writers who are, by their own admission, poets. One hundred and eighty-nine of them have been accused of poesy, and have been found *reos confitentes!*

ROPES'S CIVIL WAR.

The Story of the Civil War: A Concise Account of the War in the United States of America, between 1861 and 1865. By John Codman Ropes. Part I. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. xiv, 274.

THE title of Mr. Ropes's book does not seem to indicate its exact scope. It is not a military history which he has undertaken to write, nor yet a general history of the civil war. He disclaims any purpose to narrate or to consider political matters, yet, with the exception of the first battle of Bull Run, he does not give us more than the barest mention of the engagements and military movements of the first year of the great Rebellion. So far as this first volume goes, his intention seems to be to discuss the more important politico-military situations, together with the personal relations of the civil chiefs with their generals on both sides. It is necessary to try thus to measure the author's aim and purpose, for the reader will otherwise be disappointed in the lack of descriptive detail.

Mr. Ropes offers as a formula which may help to clear up the positions of the combatants in the great struggle, the statement that the South had universally adopted the theory that the United States was not one nation, but a collection of nations. Apart from the question of the unanimity of the Southern people in any theory of Union or secession before hostilities began, it will hardly do to say that the South had consciously adopted the doctrine so formulated. Down to the very last, Southern men professed attachment to the whole country, and patriotism which meant a recognition of the whole country as their own. It would seem to be more accurate to say that they recognized a limited nationality. The world was already familiar with limited monarchy, and there was no difficulty in recognizing a federal nationality which, although limited by the alleged reserved rights of the federated States, was still in a proper sense a nationality which could draw out the patriotic devotion of a whole people and a true affection for fatherland. When this love was soured and this devotion dead, they were ready for the dissolution which they claimed as a reserved right to be used only in the last extremity. This, which is really the common theory, seems also the more logical. It best accounts for all the facts. It leaves wholly open the question of moral right or wrong, and of the justifiable or unjustifiable conduct of their leaders. It seems to leave the difference between the two sections just where the common sense of the people has been accustomed to put it. The Unionists believed this federal nationality to be indissoluble, the secessionists did not.

The situation at Fort Sumter in March and April, 1861, is also subjected to a painstaking analysis which, in general, is sound and instructive. On a single point the author seems to be hardly just to Major Anderson. His instructions were that he should limit himself to the defensive and by no means be the first to shed blood. It was already shown that reinforcements could not be sent in without a collision, and Anderson regarded himself as condemned to await an actual attack upon his fort. In these circumstances he wrote a private letter in which he said his "policy" (as he felt "secure for the present in his stronghold") was to preserve the peace "in the hope of avoiding bloodshed." Commenting on this, the author says it lays Major Anderson open to severe censure, because a military man has no right to have a "policy," which is a function of Government. This strains the meaning of words beyond what is reasonable. Policy means any selected line of conduct, and it seems plain that Anderson regarded this as entirely consistent with his orders. No man in the world was less likely to ignore his orders in choosing the line or "policy" he should follow in loyal subordination to his superiors.

In discussing the conduct of Mr. Lincoln, it is unpleasantly evident that the author is predisposed to depreciate him. Criticising the first call for troops, which recited the lawful occasion for such a call in formal statutory language, Mr. Ropes says that it "is really ludicrous in its minimizing the facts of the situation." It certainly appeared ludicrous to nobody in April, 1861, and its restrained and technical reference to the Rebellion as obstructing the execution of the laws by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by ordinary means, was in accordance not only with good traditional form, but with the public feeling which shrank from official declaration that there was civil war in the land. The deliberate understatement of the crisis made the declaration all the more full of solemn meaning.

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In the chapter on "The Opposing Parties" the statement of the relative military aptitude of Northern and Southern men cannot be accepted as sound. It may be doubted if any nation on earth shows a more even range of characteristics than the United States. If it be admitted that in the South there was a little more quick impulsiveness of temperament, and in the North a little more persistent determination of will, we shall have gone quite as far as facts will warrant. By common consent of all witnesses, including the foreign officers sent specially to report upon our armies, no better or braver material for soldiers was ever seen. The enthusiasm of the first enlistment was every whit as intense, as high, as "poetic," north of Mason and Dixon's line as south of it. Northern young men took as kindly to camp life as the Southern youth. There was much in army experience that was "weary" and "distasteful" to both, but it is wide of the mark to say that the taste for and power to excel in military life was not exhibited in one section as much as in the other.

A like impulse to draw contrasts has misled the author in speaking of the selection of military leaders. Any man acquainted with the army could have predicted that the two Johnstons, Lee, Beauregard, Bragg, and G. W. Smith would have been the first called to important command in the South. The same test of accepted reputation made it certain that Scott would call Halleck, McClellan, McDowell, Meigs, and Anderson to his assistance. If Mr. Davis had a personal acquaintance with army men which enabled him to make the selection himself, Mr. Lincoln was at no disadvantage in selecting upon the suggestion of Winfield Scott. The attempted contrast in this respect will not bear inspection.

If Mr. Lincoln called men from civil life to be general officers, so did Mr. Davis; and what more striking instance was there than the appointment by the latter of Bishop Polk to be a major-general? Neither of them was gifted with prophecy, and therefore neither of them could guarantee the success of their appointees in military commands far larger and more responsible than any man on the western continent had ever held. There were failures on both sides among men of whom everything was expected, and there were great military talents developed where they were not looked for. In what war was it ever otherwise?

Mr. Ropes is, however, very emphatic in his assertion that, with an organized, though small, regular army, "there was no sort of need of giving to any untried civilian a rank so high that of itself it constituted a constant temptation to intrust him with an important command." This is a large subject, and its full discussion would need a book as large as the one before us. There were weighty political reasons, which cannot be ignored, for including in the military organization, in such a great popular uprising, the natural leaders of the people. But as a purely military question it is not so one-sided as our author contends. American history does not exhibit the citizen soldier at a disadvantage. The capture of Louisburg by New England militia under Pepperell, a civilian, was a capture from regulars. The officers of the Revolutionary war were civilians pitted against regulars. The war of 1812 ended with three preëminent reputations, Andrew Jackson, Jacob Brown, and Winfield Scott—the first two militia generals, and all appointed from civil life. If in our civil war Banks and Baker left Congress to fight, so in the English civil war did Cromwell and Hampden leave Parliament. The French Revolution was still more striking. There was a standing army of old "regulars" as well as the ardent young volunteers, and they were opposed to the regular organizations of all Europe. Military talent sprang from every calling and rank, and held its own against the world. Lawyers, doctors, painters, farmers, private soldiers, and stable-boys became generals, and, after a little, marshals of France. All this does not prove that there is no use in military education, but it should make reasonable men very cautious in asserting that the doors of a particular school open the only way to it.

But the proportions of our war were so vast that when every regular officer who remained true to his colors was counted, we had only a small fraction of the number required to command regiments, brigades, and divisions. Many of these were most needed in the staff departments, many lacked the zeal in the cause which the country imperatively demanded, some shrank from responsibility and did not seek volunteer commands when the way was opened to them. Whoever will take the Army Register of 1860-'61, and count the names, will see that it is mere nonsense to talk of organizing an army of nearly half a million with only these for the higher offices. The popular demand accorded with sound policy in giving the army the character of a *levée en masse*, and letting the shaking together of all classes of men bring to the top those who were fit for their work. Whoever will analyze the rosters of 1864-'5 will see that the "volunteers" did not suffer by the competition.

Another fact to which Mr. Ropes does not give due weight is, that, under existing laws in 1861, the Governors of States sent their contingents to the field, under the first call, completely organized as brigades and divisions. This took the general officers of the State militia, who had at least more idea of organization and tactics than most of the people. Many of these were continued in the service, the Presidential appointment only confirming the State commission. In this way both Butler and Banks took the field with Massachusetts troops by appointment from Gov. Andrew, and it is at least gratuitous to say their employment proved that "the President showed but little judgment in his appointments to high command." Both were men of superior ability, both had led brigades of well-drilled troops in the evolutions of a time of peace, and that was more than could be said at that time of any man who was then or thereafter made a major-general in the regular army. Not one had ever handled so large a body of troops. What so reasonable, then, as to try them? In 1812 no one could tell in advance that Gen. Hull would weakly surrender at Detroit, or Brown show courage and ability at Sackett's Harbor; and what happened did not prove that President Madison had "little judgment" in appointing Hull or great sagacity in appointing Brown. Then, a Massachusetts critic should be fair to Banks and Butler. The former had an honorable record in command of a division and a corps, and showed himself a competent officer in his grade. The latter had unquestioned ability in administrative positions in which other officers of his grade were often employed. If neither succeeded in command of an army in the field, what shall we say of the long list with Halleck at the head?

The simple truth is, that in 1861 there was no way of telling whether a man was fit to be a general officer but by trying; and, as Sherman said, those were lucky who didn't get tried too soon. McClellan, in his memoirs, also says it would have been better for him if he had not had so prominent a command for another year or two. Let us recollect that this was before the days of army schools more advanced than West Point; when we had nothing resembling the education which Moltke was drilling into the Prussian army; when there never had been in the regular army a brigade or division camp for evolutions of the line or field manœuvre. The field officers of the regular regiments were nearly all of them too old for active service, and the list of captains was that from which the men were chosen who became best known in the civil war. They had gone to West Point, as Grant said, knowing only the "three R's, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." They spent four years there in study different from that of other schools in scarce anything but a little engineering of fortifications. They had personal drill in the companies of the cadet battalion, and in company and regimental tactics. With this they graduated, and, considering the low requirements for entrance, more would have been mere "cram." The duties of our little company posts on the frontier would increase familiarity with post routine and administration, but what was there in this to warrant the assumption that these were the only men to be tried as general officers? It is notorious that very few had built upon the beginning made in the Academy, or had the opportunity if they had the will to continue industrious study. It was an individual question as to each, what progress he had made, what qualities he had developed, and what he was competent for. When these things are candidly weighed, it does not appear so clear that there was a class of "professional soldiers" who, by virtue of the label, were exclusively fit for command. We must conclude, therefore, that the distribution of military offices which was then made was not an error of Mr. Lincoln; it was only the adoption of a method which may be called usual in this country, and which would be repeated if we were again forced to enlarge our army suddenly to ten or twenty times its regular strength.

Mr. Ropes regards the Confederate organization with the grades of general and lieutenant-general as better than ours. It may well be doubted. Our system provided that when a general officer was specially assigned by the President to a corps or department, he was thereby given precedence over other officers of similar grade not so assigned. It was as if he were their senior. Mr. Ropes is mistaken in saying that this caused "loss of *esprit de corps* and the general detriment of the service." McClellan, Halleck, Buell, Rosecrans, Sherman, Thomas, Schofield, McPherson, had no other rank but major-general, and no one under them ever questioned their power as commander. It was as complete and obedience was as hearty as to any Confederate "general." The system had the very great advantage, that men might be shifted from one duty to another without losing their commissions. Thus, Sherman commanded a department in 1861; next he went back to a division, later he was promoted to a corps, and reached a department again only at the close of 1863. Later in the war the Confederates themselves mooted the question of making their upper grades temporary, in view of the need for greater scope in trying promising men.

In the chapter on "Plans and Preparations in the West," after mentioning Gen. Thomas's brilliant little victory at Mill Springs, in January, 1862, the author severely criticises Mr. Lincoln by saying that "for some reason,

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not capable, in our judgment, of any satisfactory explanation, Gen. Thomas's name was not even mentioned in the order" issued by the President which congratulated the troops and the country on the event. The order itself gave so satisfactory a reason that one is surprised at the criticism. The President's language was, "he returns thanks to the gallant officers and soldiers who won that victory, *and, when official reports have been received*, the military skill and personal valor displayed in the battle will be acknowledged and rewarded in a fitting manner." The country was aching and longing for some gleam of encouragement, and the President hastened to give it on the first despatches. Reference to the journals of the time would show that there were claims that the chief merit belonged to Gen. Schoepf, who had been in command and was reinforced by Thomas. Under such circumstances the President prudently refrained from awarding the honors till official reports were received. Then, he did not forget to give Thomas promotion, though the great events of Fort Donelson and Shiloh had intervened to make Mill Springs look very small. Mr. Ropes—by a slip, no doubt—conveys the idea that Thomas was not promoted; and one who places Thomas's commander, Gen. Buell, so high as he does, surely cannot claim that the subordinate should have been promoted over the head of his chief, for executing that chief's orders! Both were only brigadiers, and the delay of a few weeks in the important campaign then opening was only enough to do justice to Buell and Thomas at once.

A chapter is also devoted to the relations of Mr. Lincoln with Gen. McClellan, and here the same readiness to find the President weak and in the wrong confronts us. This is not, for the purpose of praising McClellan, for, if we were to bring together the marks of incompetence attributed to him, nothing would be left but the organizing abilities which belong to an adjutant and inspector-general. When we find, therefore, the President's order for a general movement on the 22d of February called "a curious specimen of puerile impatience," we conclude that either we or the author know very little about Mr. Lincoln. "Puerile impatience" is the very last defect of character which we should dream of imputing to him. Through a long autumn of beautiful weather, an army of fifty thousand Confederates besieged a hundred and fifty thousand equally brave, better drilled, better equipped, better organized troops under McClellan. Navigation on the Potomac was stopped, as was railway communication with the West. Winter came and McClellan would not give to the commander-in-chief a plan or a definite promise of movement. His own memoirs show that he was indulging in grossly insubordinate and contemptuous conduct towards the President. It was nothing but an almost supernatural patience, in view of the perils of changing commanders at such a time, that accounts for the continuance of such a state of things. It is the province of the executive of every government known among men to assign to an army its field of operations and to command instant, continuous, and vigorous activity till it beats the enemy or is beaten. The ultimate reasons of war are all political, and political reasons for action in October or January may be cogent and conclusive. It is for the executive to judge; it is for the general to use his talent, and skill, and courage, if he have any, to make such action a success. It is not for him to say, We will postpone this war till next year! Mr. Lincoln's order was issued only when the patience of Job was exhausted.

So, of the President's order in March, we are told that if Mr. Lincoln "had been equal to his position as commander-in-chief, he would have issued no such document." The answer is, that the extraordinary and almost incredible obstacles to action made the order a necessity. The only alternative was to make a change of commanders. Mr. Lincoln was always a more favorable judge of McClellan's ability than the majority of the public men of the nation. He saw the lack of initiative, courage and enterprise in the general, and hoped that, by assuming himself the responsibility for immediate action, he would make the other qualities useful to the country.

But when Mr. Ropes, after stating clearly the triple superiority of McClellan's forces over the enemy, argues that because he believed the enemy to be twice as strong as the Potomac army, he cannot be blamed for acting as if the "monstrously exaggerated stories" were true, he seems to get quite beyond any legitimate field for debate. In the history of war there have been not infrequent instances of a bold man making two or three surrender to him by sheer audacity and pretence, but it may be doubted if it was ever before heard of that the "conduct" of the dupes was exonerated while their "sagacity" was mildly found lacking. This novel departure will hardly be taken seriously.

It is matter for deep and sincere regret that so earnest a student of military history as Mr. Ropes should have adopted a low estimate of Mr. Lincoln in everything, apparently, but political sagacity. The common sense of the world has put him in the list of the very few who rank as greatest, and this judgment is not contradicted by the conclusions of students who are at once thorough and sympathetic. Thorough criticism is justifying his judgments of the military problems which he had studied. His advice to make the Confederate army the objective—all the more because it was near Washington, where our troops, as he said, could "board at home"—was as sound strategy as it was good wit. His warning that "going down the bay in search of a field" would only change the place without diminishing obstacles to be overcome, was pure sagacity applied to the situation, which is a prime element of generalship. His judgment in January, 1862, that "if something was not done soon, the bottom would be out of the whole affair," was sound statesmanship in homely form. It is dangerous to hurtle against his reputation in any field.

CHARLES LORING BRACE.

The Life of Charles Loring Brace. Chiefly told in his own Letters. Edited by his Daughter. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

It is over-modest of Miss Brace to call herself the editor simply of her father's life. The story, it is true, is chiefly told by his own letters, but he was not a voluminous correspondent; his life was too busy for much letter-writing. The narrative would therefore have been defective were the letters not connected by a stream of commentary and exposition of remarkable clearness and simplicity. It is very rare, in our experience, to meet with a biography in which the sense of proportion on the part of the biographer has been so steadily maintained, in which there is so little surplusage and padding. In fact, there is hardly a letter or line too much. One or two letters might well have been omitted, but on the whole it is not often that a daughter working over the life of a distinguished and much honored father has been so successful in keeping up the literary standard, and making the work agreeable reading as well as a faithful record.

Mr. Brace's life may almost be said to be a history of philanthropic effort in the United States. He stepped into the field just as the great anti-slavery struggle which had for thirty years absorbed all the humanitarian thought and energy of the country, was drawing to a close. What he says in one of his later letters that he had accomplished, was what he set himself to do thirty-five years before—namely, the establishment as principles of the

"absolute necessity of treating each youthful criminal or outcast as an individual and not one of a crowd; the immense superiority of the home or family over any institution in reformatory and educational influence; the prevention of crime and pauperism by early efforts with children, and the vital importance of breaking up inherited pauperism by putting almshouse children in separate homes; and, most of all, the immense advantage of 'placing out' neglected and orphan children in farmers' families."

The success which attended his labor, we think we may safely say, surpassed everything which has been attempted in the philanthropic world since Howard made his attack on the old prisons. The society which he built up in New York has not only been the means of transferring tens of thousands of boys from street pauperism and profligacy to comfortable homes and lives of usefulness in the West, but has through schools and through lodging-houses done an immense work of civilization among the youthful poor of both sexes in this city. Moreover, his system has been widely copied, not only in other States in the Union, but in every country in Europe in which organized efforts are made for the rescue of youthful criminals and outcasts. It is not every country which has our "West" for the reception of the waifs and strays of the great cities; but the "Newsboys' Lodging-house" and the "Girls' Lodging-house" have furnished to a great many cities in the Old World both an inspiration and a model. All this work, too, begun in 1853, and continued for thirty-five years, was carried on, as we said at the time of his death, "with clear insight, perfect sanity of judgment, supreme diligence, and indomitable patience."

When we come to look at the man behind the work, the thing which has most struck us, in turning over the pages of this Life, is the perfect accuracy of his moral judgments from early youth down to his death. Not the smallest error or aberration ever shows itself in passing on the great movements which he witnessed. Indeed, his personal history is a sort of chronicle of the intellectual and moral changes which had come over the world in his day. There was nothing about him more remarkable than his keen intellectual curiosity, which seemed well-nigh insatiable. He was bred in the old New England atmosphere of sixty years ago, when orthodox religion, the relation of "the sinner" to God, was the main concern of all thinking people, to whom the abolitionists were profane "ranters." But in 1848 hearing Wendell Phillips set his mind at work about slavery, and on this subject he ever afterwards thought right. He "joined the church" in New Haven, as was the custom of the time, but very soon plunged into the speculations about the origin and nature of Christianity which have since effected such profound changes, if not in the formal creeds, in the spiritual outlook, of all the churches. For the Fugitive Slave Law he at

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once conceived an abhorrence which was not shared by his elders at the time, and which he had to defend in a letter to his father. Had he had a gift of speech proportionate to his extraordinary energy and mental activity, he would have set the country on fire regarding most of the questions of the day. But he was too speculative, too candid—one might say—for a popular orator. He had not sufficient positiveness and emphasis of expression to drive home the spoken word. On this point he somewhat deceived himself.

When the Children's Aid scheme first took possession of him, he recoiled a little from giving himself up to the work of philanthropy, in the belief that his true function was that of a teacher or preacher, and it was probably this feeling which led to his excursions into the regions of science and history which produced his book on ethnology, the 'Gesta Christi,' and the 'Unknown God.' His books of travel, owing to his unfailing good humor, his intense optimism, his great energy, his wonderful enjoyment of life, and kindly, sympathetic ways with all classes and conditions of men, were always interesting and instructive. He went to Germany and lived there for a winter or two, studying the language in the old days when a man could earn a comfortable subsistence by writing letters about everyday life to the religious weeklies, and when Europe was to most Americans almost a terra incognita. On this occasion he was imprisoned in Hungary by the Austrians as a dangerous propagandist, which did him the great service of making him widely known in America. The true spirit of the man came out at this period, too, by the emphatic declaration to a friend who was trying to get him correspondence with the American papers: "I would rather write for the *Tribune* for five dollars than for the *Courier* for ten, and won't I have a noble audience, too!" He was then only twenty-five years old, but "his good lance thrusted sure." His letters at this period give this amusing glimpse of the youth of the illustrious professor who now presides over the English department at Harvard: "These ideas have been rather forced on me by seeing a good deal lately of a wonderfully witty fellow from Harvard College, who is studying for a professorship in Göttingen, and who assimilates perfectly wherever he is, swears and jokes now in German, wears boots up to his thigh, and dances German student hornpipes, drinks punch, and sings German songs to perfection. This fellow, whose name is Child, is visiting two friends of mine." "Fugit Euro citius tempus edax rerum," the professor will probably say on seeing this little reminiscence of long ago.

Mr. Brace's most valuable contributions to contemporaneous literature were undoubtedly his 'Dangerous Classes of New York,' and his society reports. These have a value which cannot wear out. His 'Gesta Christi,' which is an extremely interesting collection of facts, has the misfortune to be an addition to the great mass of Christian apologetics, to which the world, rightly or wrongly, pays less and less attention every year. It has the defect of trying to separate Christianity from the Church, and win it credit by surrendering the Church to the enemy. The view which is gaining ground is that all religions, Christianity as well as others, depend for their character on the civilization of the people who profess them. Christianity during the greater part of its history has been the faith of semi-barbarians, and therefore a cruel, butchering, burning creed. To-day for a similar reason it is humane, tolerant, and charitable. Nothing but prodigious twisting and turning will deliver it from responsibility for the Catholic Church, or give it all the credit for the handful of professors who, even in dark times, have stood for the grace, mercy, and peace of the Founder.

It is impossible in the limits of a brief notice like this to give an adequate idea of the charm of Mr. Brace's personality. The energy and hopefulness which carried him to success in his philanthropic work played an equally large part in his intercourse with his friends. He had in an eminent degree what the Boston wit called a "talent for friendship." His friends were never out of his mind. Their fame and fortune were as dear to him as his own. His interest as to their state of mind touching all the great questions of the time never flagged; and this talent, no less than his great labor in his own field, brought him into cordial relations with most of the leading minds of the day, both here and in England. We doubt if a happier man ever lived until the cloud of the great tragedy which always closes even the most successful career, overtook him. He warmed both hands at the fire of life. He was eminently successful in his calling, was much appreciated by his contemporaries, and met the end with a fortitude and serenity which all who knew him expected.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

'Decatur and Somers,' by Miss M. Elliot Seawell (Appletons), is a pleasant story for the young, narrating two of the most touching and heroic passages in the history of our navy, the destruction of the *Philadelphia* off Tripoli, and the explosion of the *Intrepid*. The authoress has not, however, told it in a better way than Maclay tells it in his recent history of the navy, and has not, we think, equalled in pathos or interest her own story of 'Little Jarvis.' Her picture of naval life contains many errors and anachronisms. At the very commencement she calls and relieves the watch on a frigate while "all hands" are getting the ship underway; her brigs are fitted with bridges, her ships "wear" instead of "carry" colors, and her quartermasters and coxswains are not only mixed up in their duties but in their ships. Clipper ships did not exist at the beginning of the present century to carry news to Gibraltar, and a "soldier's wind" (p. 54) does not enable a ship to go in any direction she wishes—certainly not in the direction from which the wind blows. Historically the incidents are true, though the traditions of the service are that Stewart, Decatur, and Somers were intimate alike with each other, and that the *Intrepid* grounded upon a rock before she was blown up. Miss Seawell will not have written in vain, however, if she make known to the young generation of the present day exploits of the American navy, one of which was characterized by Nelson as "the most bold and daring act of the age."

The last volume of Col. Knox's series, entitled 'The Boy Travellers in the Levant' (Harpers), takes his young tourists along the southern coast of the Mediterranean to Carthage, and thence to Greece, the Troad, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Cyprus, successively. It provides plenty of information for boys and girls who have a sound digestion for facts and dates and are not too fond of plumcake; it is also well supported in the matter of illustrations by the resources of the Harpers' establishment. The careful young person will not find himself entirely absolved from reviewing Col. Knox's statements; he must not imagine that the escort of a squad of soldiers is usually needed in visiting Marathon; nor must he invest in Greek bonds on Frank's statement that "they are generally well quoted on 'change"; nor should he adopt his spelling of Dionysius for the god Dionysus, nor accept as final his opinion that "a Greek play was a very solemn affair, which, if put on the New York stage and advertised as much as you please, would not pay expenses." He may correct this impression by reading Prof. Church's 'Stories from the Greek Comedians,' or by consulting some Frenchman who has heard Mounet-Sully's *Oedipus*. We note this sentence as a sample of an occasional dryness and lack of sympathetic imagination in a book which is sensibly and pleasantly written, but sometimes savors rather strongly of the guide-book.

A complete antidote for Frank's matter-of-fact omniscience may be found in 'The Story of Alexander,' by Robert Steele (Macmillan). This history is delightfully destitute of fact, and presents only the marvellous and fanciful legends of the Middle Ages, in which Alexander is made a son of Anectanabus, King of Egypt, conquers Sir Balaan of Tyre as well as Gog and Magog, and visits Jerusalem, where he is humbly received by the bishop and the mayor, attired in gorgeous silks from Tartary. Fortunately, Bucephalus is retained intact, and prances through the story with all his ancient fascinations. The illustrations and the book are very dainty and charming.

A book full of lively incidents agreeably told is Mrs. C. V. Jamison's 'Toinette's Philip' (The Century Co.). Improbabilities in the plot are plenty, but the children will pass them by lightly, and be free to enjoy the pleasant picture of New Orleans life, the touch of rather transparent mystery, and, above all, the satisfactory ending, where everybody is made happy and even the disagreeable people become amiable.

'The Land of Pluck' is the apt name which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has given to Holland; and the chapters on Dutch life and Dutch history which appeared some time ago in *St. Nicholas* make up the first part of the book so entitled. They are written in the bright, entertaining style which Mrs. Dodge always commands, and are well fitted to rouse an interest in the manners and history of this admirable people. In the second part of the book are gathered a number of short stories of all sorts. Perhaps the most amusing of these is "A Garret Adventure," in which some good, obedient children *thought* they had their mother's permission to make a skating-pond by freezing water on the garret floor. Naturally, the pond refused to "stay put" long enough to freeze, and its appearance below stairs surprised no one more than the mother.

'The Brownies Around the World' (The Century Co.) is the title of Mr. Cox's latest addition to the Brownie literature. The ever-welcome little beings swarm as usual over the pages, getting themselves into and out of new scrapes, and entertaining their admirers with new antics, while they journey from Arabia to the arctic regions and around the earth's circumference to view the world and its wonders, and comment upon them for the edification of good children.

To take in at one sitting a whole bookful of Oliver Herford's 'Artful Anticks' (The Century Co.) would be too much like making a meal out of the caster; but as condiments they are agreeable. It is a satisfaction to find such old friends as "The Audacious Kitten," and "The Artful Ant," with a host of other clever verses and pictures, preserved in this volume

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to please many who would never have found them in the back numbers of *St. Nicholas*.

Two books by Miss A. G. Plympton, 'Rags and Velvet Gowns,' and 'Penelope Prig' (Roberts Bros.), are so full of a sort of sentimental socialism that, in spite of lively flashes of imagination and humor, they are not really good reading for children. Nothing is more likely to make disgusting little prigs than giving children the notion that their simple acts of kindness, which they ought to do as a matter of course, are noble and admirable deeds calling for general applause; or that they will be likely to reform society from the bottom by, for instance, giving away their old toys, or inviting street children to their Thanksgiving dinner.

In wholesome contrast are Susan Coolidge's 'Not Quite Eighteen' bright stories (Roberts Bros.). In this oddly named book it is the everyday duties and homely virtues of which the young reader is reminded; and so pleasantly and naturally withal, that the most wary avoider of morals will not be inclined to revolt.

The country minister's daughter who feels restless at home and goes away in search of her mission, is not exactly a new character in fiction, and this is perhaps hinted in the title of 'Another Girl's Experience,' by Leigh Webster (Roberts Bros.). This girl, at any rate, finds herself younger than she had supposed when out of reach of her mother's advice, and finally goes home well content to discover her real mission in brightening her father's and mother's hard life, and in helping along her numerous brothers and sisters.

Five or six unpretentious tales about her country neighbors, each suggested by some plant brought from one of their gardens, are the 'Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden,' by Alison McLean (F. Warne & Co.). Quiet they are, indeed almost soporific, each with its little morality; but possibly useful for reading aloud where the only object is to make conversation needless, as in those working-parties whose want of short and unexciting stories prompted their writing.

That droll and individual designer Mr. P. S. Newell seemed to us last year to have reached the bounds of his ingenuity in his reversible plates called 'Topsy-Turvys' (The Century Co.). The second volume, just issued, proves that we were mistaken, as any one might be who had not gone through a course of standing upon his head. The new series is rather more clever and audacious, and less transparent, than the first.

RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

It is now nearly a hundred years since Canning's 'Anti-Jacobin' predicted, as did Heine fifty years later, a transfer to England of what the latter called "the monkey's skin," or, in other words, of the levity of the French metropolis:

"O Nurse of Crimes and Fashions! which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain,
How do we ape thee, France! but blundering still
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill!
The borrow'd step an awkward gait reveals
As clumsy C—rtn—y mars the verse he steals."

It becomes more and more impossible to keep the run of recent English poetry without recognizing the double truth of Canning's analysis and Heine's prediction. Mr. Hamerton tells us that there is still a perceptible difference between the moral atmosphere of London and that of Paris; but the transplanted war against "the bourgeois virtues" still goes on. The "Crimes and Fashions" are still borrowed and still spoiled by a clumsiness in the imitation. It will not be counted as an offence, perhaps, by the readers of Mr. Arthur Clarke Kennedy's 'Erotica' (London: Gay & Bird) that the author stoops to actual *doubles ententes* of extreme indecency, but it may be an objection that they have not the French grace and are too much in the C—rtn—y style. The same impression is made when Mr. Percy Pinkerton, in 'Adriatica' (Gay & Bird), celebrates his wayside amours as frankly, though not as entertainingly, as the hero of a Pigault-Lebrun novel.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has edited, with a preliminary sketch, extracts from the poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy (Chicago: Stone & Kimball). This young poet, who died in 1881, has been both fortunate and unfortunate in his biographer—fortunate, because of her loyal devotion and artistic sympathy; unfortunate, because she is wont to pitch her praise on a key of appreciation which the wares she exhibits do not always quite justify. To be told again and again that the poems are "divinely lovely" (p. 28), and "very lovely" (p. 37), and "so noble" (p. 37), awakens an expectation which is here not quite fulfilled; a little understatement is sometimes safer. Mrs. Moulton undoubtedly quotes some remarkable passages, as when she gives us this (p. 40):

"The long-hushed eve
Glowed purple, and the awed soul of the thunder
Lay shuddering in the distance, and the heave
Of great unsolaced seas over and under
The tremulous earth was heard with them to grieve."

That phrase "great unsolaced seas" is Keats-like, yet no finer than single phrases that could easily be culled from transient poets now almost forgotten, like Alexander Smith and Philip James Bailey. It must be owned that, with much of sweet and honied cadence, the basis of O'Shaughnessy's strains is repellent, even as he is seen here at his best; it lies among tombs and wehrwolves and fountains of tears. He was really one of the first of the English *décadent* rhymers. He began to publish in 1870, and his biographer assures us that "he was half a Frenchman in his love for and mastery of the French language; and many of his closest affiliations were with the younger school of French poets." This hardly needed to be told us; and "his sympathy with the lawless lives of these evil phantoms"—the men changed to wolves—leaves in the healthy mind the same sense of aversion produced annually by so many repulsive pictures in the French Salon. With all the care and felicity of these selections, and the external taste and grace of the little volume, we cannot predict for it a place very near to any human heart.

It is something, perhaps, if Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who, amid affectations of his own, has yet protested ere now against that prevailing Gallomania with which his name would imply some sympathies, should thus frankly link London and Paris together, for purposes of criticism:

"Paris and London, World Flowers twain
Wherewith the World Tree blooms again
Since Time hath gathered Babylon
And withered Rome still withers on.

"Sidon and Tyre were such as ye,
How bright they shone upon the tree!
But Time hath gathered, both are gone,
And no man sails to Babylon.

"Ah, London! London! our delight,
For thee, too, the eternal night,
And Circe Paris hath no charm
To stay Time's unrelenting arm."

This is from 'The Second Book of the Rhymers' Club' (London: Mathews & Lane)—a book by a dozen or more minor poets, mostly Welsh or Irish, and giving a good view of the range of thought and art among a circle of the London men. On the whole, the exhibit is promising and indicates a little reaction against the French imitation; Mr. W. B. Yeats taking easily the lead in the group, by reason of his marvellous Celtic grasp upon the night-side of mysteries and what he himself calls "The Folk of the Air." Yet no poem by him in this little volume is so remarkable or haunting as his former drama, "The Countess Kathleen," or as his little detached and slender volume of Irish legend, 'The Land of Heart's Desire' (Chicago: Stone & Kimball), which surpasses all the rest. Although disfigured and blighted in the publishing by one of Mr. Beardsley's ugliest and most meaningless frontispieces, the poem itself is as rare and unique as a witch-hazel blossom; it is of the air airy; a proof that pure fantasy will not perish out of the world while the Celtic races survive. And the manly purity of these poems—the utter freedom from the Gallic smirch—is refreshing when compared with the sickly and jaunty sensualism of Mr. Arthur Symons, who represents the low-water mark of the "Rhymers' Club."

Another illustration of this fine Irish-English quality is in the 'Cuckoo Songs' (London: Mathews & Lane) of Katharine (Tynan) Hinkson, known in her maiden days as editor of an exquisite volume of 'Irish Love Songs,' full of what she herself christened as a "strange lovely flavor, as of wild bees' honey." She contributed one or two songs only to that volume, but this later book is full of them; and there is one called "Ivy of Ireland" (p. 81), in memory of Charles Stewart Parnell, so noble and so beautiful as to make the stranger wonder if he who is so reverenced was really the faithless friend and shabby lover that he seemed to us to be.

"Like Cashel or like Muckross, famed in story,
Your name shall arch the sky
Against the sunset and the sunrise glory
So mournful and so high.

"All your sad splendor shall the ivy cover
With dew and raindrops wet,
And ever greener as the years go over,
Closer and greener yet."

Another member of the Rhymers' Club is Mr. Ernest Rhys, well known as an editor, and still remembered in America for a visit he once paid us. It is mistakenly called 'A London Rose, and Other Rhymes' (London: Mathews & Lane)—mistakenly, for the merit of the book lies chiefly in that which is not of London. "Welsh Rhymes and Ballads" form the best part of the book; and this "Autobiography" is at least quotable and portable (p. 97):

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Wales England wed; so I was bred. 'Twas merry London gave me breath.
I dreamt of love, and fame: I strove. But Ireland taught me love was best:
And Irish eyes, and London cries, and streams of Wales may tell the rest.
What more than these I asked of Life, I am content to have from Death."

'Sagas and Songs of the Norsemen,' by Albany F. Major (London: Nutt), is a rather disappointing book. It is a kind of first fruits, we take it, of the "Viking Club," of which its author is secretary. Every page of this volume shows wealth of material rather feebly used. Charles Mackay is or was but a third-rate poet, and yet there is in his "Sea-King's Burial," published fifty years ago, more of Norse vigor and salt sea-foam than in all these more languid attempts; for Mr. Major, even in choosing precisely the same theme in his "Burial of the Sea-King" (p. 31), selects a long-drawn measure suited for a philosophical poem rather than a deed of "derring-do." Strange to say, Mr. Major is strongest when he leaves his immediate theme and adds a few English ballads; and the closing "Fight at

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Senlac," though too long, is really the best thing in the book.

Among recent London translations of poetry the first place belongs historically to Dr. James Atkinson's rendering from the Persian of Nizami's 'Loves of Laili and Majnún (London: Nutt); for it was first printed nearly sixty years ago in one of those stately volumes of the Oriental Translation Fund which so long charmed ingenuous youth with their motto, "Ex Oriente Lux." The translation itself, now reëdited by the Rev. J. A. Atkinson, belongs to that period when readers still enjoyed Hoole's 'Tasso' and Mickle's 'Lusiad,' and were not easily surfeited with monotony in heroic couplets. That period has perhaps passed by.

Another book of translations is more interesting from the autobiographical preface than from anything else it contains; 'Anthero de Quental: Sixty-four Sonnets, Englished by Edgar Prestage' (Nutt). The translator, also known as editor of the 'Letters of a Portuguese Nun,' claims these sonnets as the best in the Portuguese language since Camoens; but when we think how little the sonnets of Camoens himself afford us, as rendered at different times by Strangford, Aubertin, and Higginson, it is evident that this standard is not a high one. But as a personal study, a typical case in the morbid anatomy of the age, the autobiography of this poor fellow, who is ranked by his admirers with Heine and Leopardi—who was called by his friends Santo Anthero, from his asceticism and charity, and who, after a lifetime of spinal disease, shot himself at forty-nine in a public square at the Azores—is profoundly touching and interesting.

An interesting but not very successful experiment in translation is the first volume of 'Euripides,' by Arthur S. Way (Macmillan), who has previously rendered the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Its chief novelty of treatment is in translating the choruses (which, of course, constitute the chief difficulty) in the modern lyrical or Swinburnian fashion. This Mr. Way has carried out with such spirit and sincerity as must convince the reader that, whatever is the solution of this difficult problem, that which he has adopted is not. Take, for instance, this (p. 69):

CHORUS.

If she would but come forth where we wait her,
If she would but give ear to the sound
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn
From its fierceness of anger to turn,
And her lust for revenge not burn!
O ne'er may my love prove traitor,
Never false to my friends be it found.

This commonplace jingle suggests a Gilbert and Sullivan opera rather than the delicate expression and wonderfully adjusted cadences of a Greek chorus. In other cases we revert to "In Memoriam" (p. 109):

"One tolls with love more strong than death;
Yet, yet, who knoweth whether he
A wise man or a fool shall be
To whom he shall his wealth bequeath?"

In a few choruses the version is more vigorous and sonorous, but it is at the best something more remote from Euripides than Mr. Newman's ballad measure from Homer; or it is as if the Pyrrhic dance were represented for stage purposes by the latest figure of the German, with favors.

Of minor volumes, Mr. Reginald Fanshawe's 'Two Lives' (Bell) is monotonous, and written too much on a theory; 'Quorsum? the Cry of Human Suffering' (Rivington) is liable to the same objection, with the addition that it is written in Wordsworthian blank-verse, clearly and conscientiously worked out, however, and readable by "a lonely and athletic student," in Emerson's phrase; while Mr. Alfred Cochrane's 'The Kestrel's Nest, and Other Verses' (Longmans) is made difficult to read by being composed of the very lightest kind of *vers de société*, balanced by the dignity of a Greek motto on the title-page. 'Windfall and Waterdrift' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), by the well-known Auberon Herbert, is an example of curious balancing in another way, being a collection of short poems of no special interest, and all intended to "float" (in commercial phrase) the announcement, at the end of the volume, of Mr. Herbert's monthly magazine, "The *Free Life*: Organ of Voluntary Taxation and of the Voluntary State." It may interest some cis-Atlantic readers to know that "Mr. Auberon Herbert will be glad to write to all persons interested in Voluntaryism"—his address being Old House, Ringwood. The announcement seems recent; if he knew how many people in America are eager to write to anybody who will answer them, he probably would not have risked the offer.

May Kendall's 'Songs from Dreamland' (Longmans) is not quite light enough for dreams or substantial enough for reality. The same might be said of Julian Sturgis's 'Book of Song' (Longmans) but for such a touch of human sympathy as in this modernizing of a legend (p. 65):

A SONG OF PROSERPINE.

Her eyes were lights of the morning,
Her song of the meadows gay,
But the dark man at eventide
Had stolen her away—

Away from the sunbright upland
Where the folded sheep are fed,
Away from her father's cottage door,
Away from her mother's bed!

And ah, if her mother could see her,
Who once was glad of her birth,
And hear her laugh in the gaslight glare
A laugh of little mirth.

'Sonnets of the Wingless Hours' (Chicago: Stone & Kimball) is the most remarkable of these recent volumes because, while the hundred sonnets all owe their immediate origin to one of those cases of lifelong invalidism so common among English authors, they are wholly free from the erotic taint, and are thoroughly simple and noble. The life on a wheeled chair which they reveal is still manly enough to take pleasure in the thought of every truly manly thing—cricket, swimming, skating, fishing; nay, to go beyond the usual English limitation and grant the object of "sport" his little term of life (p. 13):

"And yet I think, if ever years awoke
My limbs to motion, so that I could stand
Again beside a river, rod in hand
As Evening spreads his solitary cloak,

"That I would leave the little speckled folk
Their happy life—their marvellous command
Of stream's wild ways—and break the cruel wand
To let them cleave the current at a stroke
As I myself once could."

Mr. Lee-Hamilton has been stretched on his mattress-bed for twenty years; he is not sustained, as many are, by trust in a Divine Providence or by faith in a happy immortality; but he is, on the other hand, above all mere voluptuousness of fancy, all weak selfishness; and one, at least, of his sonnets is worthy, by its nobility of thought and treatment, to hold its own, like Blanco White's one sonnet, in any future collection of English poetry (p. 79):

A FLIGHT FROM GLORY.

Once, from the parapet of gems and glow,
An Angel said, "O, God, the heart grows cold
On these eternal battlements of gold,
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.

"Here sobs are never heard; no salt tears flow;
Here there are none to help—nor sick nor old;
No wrong to fight, no justice to uphold:
Grant me Thy leave to live man's life below."

"And then annihilation?" God replied.
"Yes," said the Angel, "even that dread price;
For earthly tears are worth eternal night."

"Then, go," said God.—The Angel opened wide
His dazzling wings, gazed back on Heaven thrice,
And plunged for ever from the walls of Light.

Andrew Lang never better justified his London sobriquet of "the Amateur Genius" than in his little volume 'Ban and Arrière Ban' (Longmans)—of course the name must be French—in which he has swept together all the fragments of his numerous writing-desks, even to a sonnet containing only thirteen lines. It, however, includes his "Boat Song," perhaps the prettiest thing he ever wrote; and a few poems on those inexhaustible out-door themes, golf, cricket, and trout-fishing. After all, we should not complain of these subjects, even when they are made as wearisome as Black's perpetual salmon, when we think that they remain the one stronghold for English mental health against the ever invading 'Ban and Arrière Ban' of France. But even here Mr. Lang's puny defence is as nothing compared with the stalwart arm of Mr. Norman Gale, well known already by his 'A Country Muse,' and now giving us a whole volume of 'Cricket Songs' (Methuen), so crammed with honest animal life and endless unintelligible technicalities and ringing rhythm as will charm a vast multitude who know no difference between a "lob" and a "grub." What spirit of unwholesome *décadence* but is, so to speak, bowled out by a strain like this (p. 23)?

A TOMBOY.

That long-legged darling, Alice James,
Plays cricket with the Johnson boys;
A doz'n engines could not make
So shrill a noise.

She's only twelve, and so, unfrocked
Beyond her sometimes shamele-s knee;
And never maiden longed so much
A boy to be.

She puts on gloves and pads to bat,
And makes young Johnson bowl her slows.
Good heavens! How she pulled that ball!
And how she goes!

She's tumbled yards outside the crease,
And is indisputably out.
Another innings? Ah, how strong
That cherry pout!

She keeps on batting all the time,
And hammers Rupert Johnson's lobs;
She also thumps Emilius's,
And also Bob's!

So, riding roughshod over rules,
This long-legged darling has her will;
And when she's twenty, I expect
She will do so still.

Briefe an August Roeckel von Richard Wagner. Leipzig and New York: Breitkopf & Härtel.

It is well known that Richard Wagner was a great letter-writer, partly owing to the fact that he spent so many years in exile or isolation, far away from his intimate friends. The letters to his most favored correspondents—Liszt, Uhlig, Fischer, and F. Heine—have been printed in three volumes, those to the last-named, however, being not complete, as it was lately announced that Richard Bertling of Dresden had come into possession of other letters to Heine even more interesting than those already printed. Forty of his letters are to be found in Praeger's 'Wagner as I Knew Him,' which has recently come in for much criticism, as it has been shown that the author's vanity led him to make claims that can not be substantiated, and also because, for some reason or other, the Wagner letters were in the German edition printed not in the original but in a retranslation from the English. Mr. S. Chamberlain, however, has since published a German brochure containing 'Wagner's Genuine Letters to Praeger.' Then there are the eighteen romantic letters to Frau Wille printed in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, 1887, twelve letters on vivisection to E. von Weber, a considerable number to Carl Heckel in 'Die Bühnenfestspiele in Bayreuth,' and scores of single letters printed in the German periodi-

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cals, especially the *Berliner Boersen-Courier*, which no doubt will be collected into a volume as soon as the list is complete, for new ones are appearing almost every week.

The latest contribution to Wagner's epistolary literature is a collection of twelve letters to August Roeckel, his most intimate friend in Dresden during the time that "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were composed. He himself relates, in one of his autobiographic sketches, that in his Dresden solitude almost his only intimate associate was Roeckel, "who, in his thorough sympathy with my artistic development, went so far as to abandon—as he told me himself—his inclination and ambition to develop and apply his own artistic capacities." This was literally true. Roeckel had been appointed assistant conductor at Dresden in 1843, on the strength of the success of his opera "Farinelli," yet he was so overawed by Wagner's genius that he gave up his intentions of making his way as a composer, in spite of his rather remarkable musical affiliations; for he was a nephew of Hummel, his wife a cousin of Lortzing, and his father had been a friend of Beethoven, in whose "Fidelio" he appeared as *Florestan* at Vienna in 1806, while subsequently he helped to popularize German opera in London and Paris.

Unfortunately, Roeckel's abandonment of music was followed by his more and more complete absorption in the revolutionary movement of the time. He had been in Paris in 1830 during the July Revolution, and the ideas to which he was there subjected continued to ferment in his mind, and made him one of the leaders in the Dresden uprising. Hugo Dinger, who has written the most detailed and trustworthy account of the revolutionary period in Wagner's life ('Wagner's Geistige Entwickelung') and who had access to official documents, relates that Roeckel "was the Mephistopheles who led Wagner-Faust into the political witches' kitchen, and showed him an ideal picture of the future in the mirror of democratic and socialistic ideas. He had taken complete possession of the artist. Every day he called on his friend and took him out for a walk, during which he indoctrinated him till he had him completely in his power and drove him forward, over the barricades, to a new life." Thus it happened that Wagner, who really did not care for politics at all, but merely hoped that a general overthrow would make it possible for him to carry out his revolutionary artistic schemes, became involved in the Dresden rebellion. How far he was personally active in that uprising is still a matter of dispute, and may remain so, unless his unpublished autobiography should contain a circumstantial confession. Dinger's investigation of official documents has shown that the Government did not at first look on Wagner as a very serious rebel, and purposely allowed him ample time to escape before issuing the warrant for his arrest; but subsequent developments made him liable to the charge of high treason, the penalty of which was death. Roeckel was caught, condemned to be shot, but finally imprisoned at Waldheim, where he remained thirteen years, although he could have secured his release sooner had he not stubbornly refused to apologize.

Wagner had good reason to dislike a man who had thus led him into mischief which resulted in twelve years' exile from the only country where he could hope to produce his art-works. But there is no trace of reproach in these twelve letters, seven of which were sent to Roeckel while he was still a prisoner. In the first of them, dated Zürich, August 24, 1851, he writes: "Just as I happened to be at Bordeaux, I saw in a French paper that you and Bakunin were soon to be executed. I wrote a letter in the hope of being in time to bid you farewell. The rumor, however, proved to be false, and the letter which I had sent to Dresden to be forwarded was, under these circumstances, withheld as a matter of course." There are no other significant allusions to the revolutionary period in these letters, of which, since most of them were sent to a prisoner, it could not have been expected that they would allude to the unfortunate incidents which had made him so. Nor is there any further allusion to this period in the five letters written after Roeckel's release, for Wagner was not in later years fond of stirring up those unpleasant memories.

It cannot be said, indeed, that readers of Wagner's previously published letters will find anything very new or striking in the present collection, but there are many interesting variations of certain "leading motives" of his life which constantly recur in his letters and other prose writings, as the *Leitmotive* do in his scores. Here, once more, we find grateful references to Liszt's sympathy, friendship, and artistic encouragement; commendation of the Persian Hafiz as the greatest of all poets; complaints of isolation and lack of appreciation; aversion to artistic work for pecuniary compensation; denial that Humboldt was a genius; references to the tremendous influence on him of Schopenhauer at a decisive period in his life; sneers at Judaism and optimism; exclamations on the martyrdom of being an artist; reference to artistic creation as the only true enjoyment; pity for King Ludwig in the hands of his political advisers; protests against separating the "man" from the "artist"; surprise that his operas are becoming popular in spite of the almost invariably wretched performances of them; commendation of solitude, Switzerland, and dogs; invitations and references to the pleasures of hospitality—and so on.

The fourth letter takes up no less than 26 of the 84 pages, and is on the whole the most important of the collection, because in it Wagner replies to certain criticisms of his Nibelung poems made by Roeckel, and thus throws some bright side-lights on them. Commentators may be especially advised to read page 37, wherein he justifies the need in a drama of a certain obscurity of motives; and page 41, where he points out the tragic sublimity of the motive which makes *Brünnhilde* cling to the cursed ring as the symbol of love. In the same letter he laments the principal impediment in his path—the rarity of good vocalist-actors:

> "When I think of the performers, I must sigh deeply. Of course I must try to find young artists not yet ruined by our opera-houses; so-called 'celebrities' I have no use for. Then I must see about training these young folks. What I should prefer would be to keep them together a whole year without letting them appear before the public; then I could meet them daily, train them in their artistic and human capacities, and see them ripen gradually for their task."

Here is another interesting passage from the same letter:

> "Once more I have realized how many things in my poetic conception become clear only through the music. I can no longer endure to look at the poem without the music. In time I hope to be able to send you this score too ["Rheingold"]. Here I will only say that it has become a work united in all its parts; the orchestra has hardly a bar that is not developed from preceding motives."

The sixth letter is metaphysical and melancholy. It was written in London, which makes it additionally foggy; Wagner was unable to do anything in that city, and informs his friend that "there all capacity for work left me. I meant to complete the score of the 'Walküre,' but lost all inner memory for it, and returned to Zürich ill." In London he "avoided making new acquaintances"; he lived for a time, as is well known, with Praeger, to whom he refers as that "dear crazy fellow" (*diesen guten närrischen Menschen*).

Rambles through Japan without a Guide. By Albert Leffingwell (Albert Tracy). London: Sampson Low; New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1894.

As Mr. Chamberlain has amusingly recounted, the books of travel on Japan cover almost every possible space of time, from seven weeks, to nine years' sojourn in that country. The author in hand spent only three months there; but we are willing to go very far in praise of his notes of travel, for, taking them merely as a traveller's impressions and as a diary of small compass, it is the most realistic, the most entertaining, the most trustworthy book of the sort that we have seen. More than this, it is one that the reviewer, as an old resident in the country, has read page by page with an interest which he had not thought possible. In calling it trustworthy, he does not forget that there are minor inaccuracies which, though natural in a traveller, could easily have been avoided; such as the use of "karuma" for "kuruma," the absurd supposition that the Japanese celebrate the falling of the Bastile (p. 5), the forty-*nine* Ronin (p. 13), the belief that "one in twenty, possibly even one in fifteen, of the persons one meets are either partially or wholly blind," the use of "Mikado" for "Emperor," and other errors. But these are not unpardonable.

One feature must be specially noticed. The author is remarkably clear-headed in his judgments of the national traits. He has the readiness of sympathy without which a traveller has no right to form judgments of other peoples. He begins by confessing that he has come "to regard Japanese life and manners as a phase of real civilization," a belief which one or two of us have been trying for some time to hammer into the Philistine mind of the home-keeping public. He therefore does not hesitate, when he meets some phase of life which has come in for foreign criticism, to point out, where necessary, how a comparative (not necessarily an absolute) estimate is usually to the credit, not the discredit, of Japan. This is a rare feature in such a book, and we may close by quoting an instance or two, taken at random:

> "Although Buddhism may be an 'outworn creed,' it has at least served to prepare for the reception of a better, by creating a population more considerate of each other's rights and privileges than many another even in the Christian world" (p. vii).
>
> "It is always unsafe to draw one's conclusions respecting a country from the character of a sea-port population. The 'globe-trotter' who judges Japan from Yokohama is as wise as the Oriental pilgrim who should picture English society from his chance experience in Glasgow or Liverpool, or judge American morality solely by rambles in New York and New Orleans" (p. 8).
>
> "'Squeezing' is invariably the custom [on the part of guides]. But in China, India, Egypt, Spain, France, Italy (to speak merely of my own experience), and, I suppose, everywhere else, the traveller who bargains through an interpreter must always pay more than he need pay alone" (p. 62).
>
> "A few minutes later we were passing swiftly through the streets of Tokio [at night].

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Nearly all the shops were closed. Not a sound of noisy revelry was to be heard, not a drunken man was to be seen. How different will be the streets of London, Paris, or New York, a few hours later this Saturday night. But this is a heathen country, barbarous, uncivilized!" (p. 65).

"In Japan there is no [social] vice which does not more openly prevail in every great city of Europe or America. The missionary tells you of the Yoshiwara; he does not know the condition of the streets of Christian London and Glasgow. Compared with streets of San Francisco and Liverpool, the Yoshiwara of Tokio or Kioto is the apotheosis of decency. In all my journeys through the highways and by-ways of Japan, I never saw such depths of degradation as I have seen in parts of London and New York" (p. 276).

"The longer I live in Japan, the more I am struck with the innate gentleness of the people. In practical conformity to the teachings of Jesus Christ, in gentleness, in meekness, in a willingness to bear evil rather than do evil, the Japanese are to-day more really a Christian nation than any people of Europe or America" (p. 114).

"The price to this country of internal and external peace for more than two centuries was isolation from Western civilization. But when I think of the bloody annals of European history between 1600 and 1853, of the story of man's inhumanity to man in England, France, Spain, Germany, Ireland, I am disposed to think that the blessings of absolute peace were not too dearly purchased by Japan. What could Europe have given this country that she did not have? What lessons in the practice of Christian virtues could the despotisms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have taught Japan? No; she was wise to shut her gates. They were opened at a better hour."

We are to-day coming to respect Japan because she can fight when it is necessary. Let us rather, with more intelligence, accord her respect for the high type of character which she has built up in the past centuries in spite of her isolation from the influence of what we are pleased exclusively to term "civilization."

Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. Strachan-Davidson, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. [Heroes of the Nations.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894. Pp. viii, 446. With illustrations and an index.

THIS is a good life of Cicero, and, considering all the difficulties which such a work involves, may be pronounced on the whole the best yet accessible. There has been so much written of late on the fall of the Roman Republic that any great striving after originality would be affectation; but the author has thought for himself, and draws his own picture of Cicero and his times, without making either a servile copy from other authorities or a fantastic caricature in defiance of them. He draws largely from Cicero's own works, especially his correspondence, as is inevitable; and the translations are gratifying for their simplicity, at a time when English scholars are much too fond of squeezing every drop of possible meaning out of the ancient languages, which are often delicately allusive, and ought to be left so.

Especially worthy of commendation is the clear statement of the relations of the different orders in the later Commonwealth—the Nobles and the Knights. Every student of this period would say he knew them; but they are pressed home in this book with great acuteness, particularly where it is pointed out that the Senatorial nobles never could throw off the class sympathies which drew them to Cæsar and Clodius, and away from Cicero and Pompey, even when the opposite course was dictated by common sense and by personal predilection. It ought also to be brought out that at such a sensitive time, where every circumstance gave a tilt to the balance, Pompey's insensibility to culture must have been very repulsive to a ruling class who were steeped in refinement. The sin of Verres in pillaging the works of art had been the sin of a gentleman; and a man who, being on the spot, would not go to see the wonders of Athens (Mr. Strachan-Davidson mistranslates *visenda* here) was too much like the Mummii and Marii to hold his own against Cæsar in the affections of the Optimates.

The author believes in Cicero; and he is right. There can be few greater mistakes, either in history or in morals, than to maintain that Cicero was either knave or fool in trying to rally all parties in defence of the ancient constitution against such enemies as Lentulus, Cæsar, and Antony. Mr. Strachan-Davidson has had the courage as well as the acuteness to hold that Cæsar's autocracy was not at all the beneficent and progressive substitute for effete forms that Mommsen and Froude would persuade us. It was tyranny, in the modern as well as the ancient sense—directly undermining the spirit as well as destroying the rights of the Romans; and the oppression was felt at the time by all of the population who were capable of feeling it. When the whole tale of Cicero's weaknesses—which have been paraded by his detractors, as if there was any secret about them—is told, he comes out a great statesman and a good man; and, as the author says, those who know him best like him best.

The limits of the book forced the author to pass over much that was interesting, but some omissions seem injudicious. The beautiful incident of Cicero's discovering the tomb of Archimedes at Syracuse, and his diligence in being ready with his evidence against Verres much within the allotted time, are too characteristic to be left out. It is to be regretted that Mr. Strachan-Davidson speaks of the triumvir by the fantastic name of "Octavian." No one calls Scipio the Younger "Aemilian." If he shrinks—as his contemporaries did not—from the name of Caius Cæsar, why not simply say Augustus? An engraving of the famous bust is inserted as that of the young Augustus—and so all the world calls it. The illustrations, mostly from Duruy, are neither elegant nor significant enough to add much to the value of the book.

A Study of Ethical Principles. By James Seth, Professor of Philosophy in Brown University. London: Blackwood; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. Pp. xvi. + 460.

THIS book tends to fall between two ideals. The author evidently intended to write a text-book, yet hoped (as he says in his preface) to achieve something much more ambitious. In the latter endeavor—namely, to add to the discussion of ethical principles something fresh and permanent—he does not succeed, in our opinion. At most he provides occasional *aperçus* which serve to make his book suggestive, while not original.

Prof. Seth's whole attempt at constructive work ends in the abyss of "personality." He gives us not a shadow of a criticism of this vague concept, and does not seem familiar with the rich details of matter which the abnormal and analytic work of the last few years has laid out. It is possible we are not ready yet for a doctrine of personality; but the phrase "personality is sacred," and the argument for it, "otherwise morality and religion are undermined," ought to have no place now—without critical justification, at any rate—in treatises which pretend to either scientific exactness or philosophical competence.

There is in the book one point which seems to us to be new: we mean the argument made from an evolutionary standpoint against Mill's qualitative distinction between pleasures; to the effect that only the highly developed natures would appreciate higher pleasures, and so there would be no sense in commending such pleasures to the lower natures which need our injunctions most. But does not the moralist in fact encounter just this difficulty? Is he not in constant perplexity as to the means of interesting lower natures in higher things, whether we call the higher things personal ideals with the eudæmonist, pleasures with the hedonist, or laws with the rigorist?

Considered as a text-book, on the other hand, and especially as an historical introduction, there is much to commend in Prof. Seth's 'Study.' The style is good, though in places hasty, the connections of historical system are clearly made out along the traditional lines of the histories of philosophy, and the author does Aristotle justice wherever his name can be brought in. Moreover, Mr. Seth tries to build upon recent psychology; yet he does not succeed very well in making psychology really a part of ethics, as it should be. Teachers, nevertheless, will not go far wrong in using the book for what it is—a sensible, orthodox, clearly written exposition, in ability about on a par with at least two others now in current use.

We must in closing deprecate the author's excessive injection of theological matter into the treatment of ethics. The sermonizings found in the last third of the book weaken it distinctly; and is there any need of devoting one hundred pages to the commonplaces respecting virtues like temperance and self-control, and another hundred out of a total of four hundred to such topics as immortality and theism? Of course when a man has something new to say on these topics, they are just the topics on which something new should be said; but when the opinions are old—as they are in this case—one must grudge the two hundred pages, no matter how well expressed the views may be, or how well supported by happily chosen poetical quotations.

The Life and Letters of M. P. O'Connor. Written and Edited by his daughter Mary Doline O'Connor. New York: Dempsey & Carroll. 1893.

THE interest of this bulky volume for the general reader is almost entirely that pertaining to a phase of Southern reconstruction, one of the darkest of a time of fearful gloom. But we have the illustration of this phase in connection with a personality that is attractive by its earnestness, its simplicity, and its warm affections in all the more intimate relations of friendship and domestic life. It would be churlish to object to the effusiveness of a daughter's admiration for her father's character and ability. When, with filial piety, we have the Irish temperament, some latitude of praise must be expected, and to look for any critical estimate would be manifestly absurd.

Michael Patrick O'Connor was born in Beaufort, S. C., in 1831, "amid the full development of a slaveholding influence, an atmosphere not favorable to the growth of any character foreign to its tenacious and exclusive instincts." But Mr. O'Connor was at least free from the disadvantage of hereditary taint. His father had immigrated only nine years before his birth. He was a sturdy Roman Catholic, at first almost the only one in the community.

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The son kept the faith, and equally his father's interest in all things Hibernian, and his easy eloquence was in demand for all Irish anniversaries and social festivals. He was educated—imperfectly, it would appear—at the Jesuit College at Fordham, N. Y. Admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three years old, his local reputation as an orator was of rapid growth. More than half the volume is given up to his speeches and orations, and they are examples of genuine Irish eloquence—rhetorical, emotional, perfervid; its substance glowing with a crimson heat even when there is most of solid argument. One can easily conceive that, with such a voice as many eulogists ascribe to him, the impression that he made upon a popular assemblage was intense, if not profound. But the circumstances of his career were not such as to make his political success commensurate with his natural ability. Elected to the lower house of the General Assembly in 1858, he opposed the reopening of the slave-trade and the movement towards secession, then fast gathering head. But when South Carolina seceded, "finding himself unable to stem the current, he bowed to the State's decree, loyally acquiesced in that which he was powerless to prevent but sincerely regretted, and in many of his public utterances cheered them [*sic*] on to victory." We read so often of this kind of thing that we cannot help wondering what the course of events would have been if all who were opposed to secession had shown the energy and determination of their opponents.

As the war drew to its end, Mr. O'Connor and his family found themselves in Columbia, witnesses of the city's melancholy fate, but sufferers to no great extent. He immediately accepted the results of the war and, once they were passed, the constitutional amendments; yet he could not but oppose the policy which made South Carolina "The Prostrate State": the deluded negro and the carpet-bagger joining hands to keep her in the slough of her immeasurable disgrace. He was an ardent supporter of Horace Greeley in 1872, and, in the convention which nominated him, threw himself with tremendous ardor and effect upon the reactionary position of Senator Bayard. Could his spirit have become general in the Democratic party, the result would have been very different; but that it would have been more fortunate—only those to whom the unknowable is an open book can tell us about that. In 1876 he was again eager and hopeful, and correspondingly depressed when the Electoral Commission gave the election to Hayes. "The sin of pride and slavery, it would seem," he wrote, "has not yet been sufficiently atoned for." But his Irish blood was up, and he had no patience with Tilden's easy acquiescence in his fate. The election of Wade Hampton as Governor was a mitigating circumstance, and did much to console him for Tilden's defeat and his own as a Congressional candidate. In 1878 he was more fortunate and again in 1880, but he was prevented by death from finishing his second term. To nothing did he give himself more actively in Congress than to a bill for the reimbursement of the colored people who had suffered by the failure of the Freedmen's Bank. A less feminine taste for statistics and hard facts would have made his biography much more valuable; but as it is, when Mr. Rhodes or some other historian comes to the reconstruction period, this will be one of many memoirs that will serve him with some knowledge of the men and the motives which that period involved in its distracting whirl.

Histoire de la Littérature Française. Par Gustave Lanson. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

In one stout volume of 1,150 pages, M. Lanson—whose critical work has won him an honorable place in the ranks of the best contemporary French writers—gives us the most complete and best-proportioned compendium of French literature yet published. Neither Petit de Julleville's excellent 'Leçons de Littérature Française,' Lintilhac's 'Littérature Française,' René Doumic's or Gazier's works, can stand comparison, as a whole, with M. Lanson's new book. As for Demogeot, he is decidedly out of date. Two or three points in M. Lanson's book serve to place it far ahead of its rivals. First, the Middle Ages receive a due share of attention; the labors of the mediævalist scholars, led by Gaston Paris, having been turned to practical account for the benefit of the student. The whole of this period, of such great importance to a proper understanding of the Renaissance, Classic, and Romantic times, is treated with fulness and clearness. Secondly, the nineteenth century is rightly considered by the author as a completed epoch; and a general view of it, occupying nearly 250 pages, enables the foreign reader to understand the worth and bearing of the work done by great writers from Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand down to Renan, Leconte de Lisle, and the chief novelists whose career is practically closed. Thirdly, M. Lanson, appreciating the general desire felt to know something definite of the contemporary writers actually engaged in the production of literature, has devoted a chapter to the great critics of the day—Brunetière, Faguet, Lemaître, Sarcey—to the latest poets and romancers, to the very latest dramatists. Such information has hitherto been unattainable save in the pages of critics and reviewers, in newspaper and magazine articles. Petit de Julleville merely names some of these writers in footnotes, Doumic in a paragraph; Lintilhac has a few brief words about some of them; not one of the three has ventured very far. M. Lanson is to be congratulated on his resolute attempt to characterize these men and their work for the benefit of the student.

All these merits are important, and add very greatly to the value of the book. But the fundamental point is the mode of treatment adopted by the author, and here again one experiences satisfaction. M. Lanson has not attempted a scientific history of an art; he has attempted and has succeeded in giving a philosophical view of French literature. It is no mere dry catalogue of names and dates, of authors and works, filled out with summary appreciations of each, but a systematic, well-linked, well thought-out account of the evolution of literature, of the movement of thought, of the birth, growth, and decadence of the various schools which have been the expression of the successive phases of that evolution. To the mere amateur of literature, as to the earnest student or teacher, this method of presenting the history of French literature will prove of the greatest value for a clear comprehension of that literature as a whole and of the reasons of its influence. Not that this method has not already been put into practice: Nisard's celebrated history is an example of it, and Pellissier's work on the nineteenth century is another—Saintsbury's 'Shorter History' may be cited also. But M. Lanson carries it out for every epoch, as is not the case with Nisard or Pellissier. It is supplemented by the details which other writers of handbooks of literature have thought sufficient in themselves. The personal note, too, is marked: the book is no mere epitome of opinions of various critics: it is the outcome of knowledge of the works which together make up French literature; and herein M. Lanson is an example of the only true way of studying any literature, namely, by reading the original works first and the criticisms afterwards. Too many people nowadays read the latter only.

Well-arranged chronological tables, a full index, an interesting table of contents which summarizes the leading divisions of the work, contribute to the general excellence of the book; and last, and very important, M. Lanson's style is such as to make the reading of his history a distinct pleasure.

Varieties in Prose. By William Allingham. 3 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

No more agreeable volumes of miscellanies have passed the press in recent years than these *reliquiæ* of a gifted and amiable writer. They range widely: sketches of little tours in England, Wales, Ireland—France at the farthest; historical papers, not too learned to be readable; pieces of artistic and literary criticism; humanly philosophical essays; studies of life and manners—there is something for most temperaments except the Gradgrind and the hysterical. Some of the papers are slight things, others are in dead earnest; but the serious are never heavy, and even the least significant are instinct with the life of an interesting and worthy individuality. Whatever is sound and honest is sure of a good word. Even stupidity is treated with rare patience when it is combined with sincerity, and when, we must hasten to add, it does not express itself in church-"restoration." Whatever is mean—above all, whatever is cruel, whether of intent or as part of unfeeling system—evokes warm but undeclamatory indignation. Wholesome reading for a fussy and attitudinizing decade!

We may spare over-much detail, for many of these papers have appeared in the English magazines or elsewhere and are familiar to our readers; but we cannot pass by "The Rambles of Patricius Walker" without a word of appreciation. If the bicycle is to abolish the good old art of walking, as some triumphantly think, these little sketches of tours on foot may stand as a testimony to our descendants. In them they may read with envy how once the contemplative man could take his pleasures at a leisurely pace, not vexing his soul about problems of rapid transit. The sketches are not all first-rate, but none of them is dull and the best of them are charming. Mr. Allingham's descriptive powers were those of the poet, and, unlike many poets, he was master of a graceful and unmannered prose style. The "Irish Sketches" have also a permanent value, and the account of St. Patrick's Purgatory is doubtless unique.

It is not, however, so much for instruction as for refreshment that the reader who possesses these volumes will recur to them, always, we are sure, with gratitude to Mrs. Allingham for sending them to press, and to her publishers for putting them up in so attractive a form.

City Government in the United States. By Alfred R. Conkling. D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

Mr. Conkling has collected a great deal of useful information with reference to City Government, and gives much good practical advice. The main conclusions to be derived from his book are (1) that our large cities are

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the worst governed in the world; (2) that this is not due to bad laws, but to bad men—*i. e.*, to the fact that the class of men who fill the administrative offices is so poor that no amount of good legislation will produce good government. The question is, How are we to get good men? And to this the answer is not so easy. According to estimates on which Mr. Conkling places reliance, a very large proportion of the voters in any community are venal, and if, besides venality, ignorance is also taken into account, we may say that the venal and ignorant, by acting together, would be able to decide almost every municipal election. Of course we console ourselves with the reflection that they do not act together, that some of them vote for one party and some for the other; but there is really more "solidarity" and *esprit de corps* among them than we are apt to think.

It must be remembered, too, that the prevention by good election laws of actual bribery at the polls does not *ipso facto* make a worthy citizen out of the voter who would otherwise have taken money. The "floater" and the "stove-sitter" will always "be voted" rather than vote. We cannot get rid of them, and all we can do is to take away their opportunities as much as possible. A very good way to see in what direction the remedy lies is to ask ourselves what sort of municipal government the venal classes would themselves most enjoy. If they were revising the charter of a city, they would undoubtedly provide for as many elective offices and as frequent elections as possible. Exactly in the same way the interests of the honest classes require the concentration of power in the hands of non-elective administrative officials, and the appointment of these officials by some one who will select them solely for fitness. Ten years of such appointments would solve the question of municipal government in any city in the United States. "Under the new ballot charter, the form of the city government of Philadelphia is perfect," Mr. Conkling says, "yet the men now (1894) in office are not satisfactory." The "men in office" make the city government what it is—not the form of the laws which they administer; and the reason why Berlin is better governed than Philadelphia is because the "men in office" in Berlin *are* satisfactory.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amicis, Edmondo de. Holland. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $5.
Bastian, Adolf. Zur Mythologie und Psychologie der Nigritier in Guinea. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.
Bliss, W. R. Side Glimpses from the Colonial Meeting-House. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Borlaise, Skipp. Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure: A Book for Boys. F. Warne & Co. $1.50.
Clark, D. K. Tramways; Their Construction and Working. 2d ed., re-written and greatly enlarged. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Son; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $9.
Davidson, Thomas. The Education of the Greek People and its Influence on Civilization. [International Education Series.] Appletons.
Edwards, Dr. J. F. Hygiene, with Anatomy and Physiology. Edward P. Slevin.
Ford, Mary H. Otto's Inspiration. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. $1.
Gerstäcker, F. Germelshausen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Hosmer, J. K. How Thankful Was Bewitched. Putnams. 50 cents.
Jesperson, Prof. Otto. Progress in Language: with special reference to English. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Kapp, Gisbert. Electric Transmission of Energy. 4th ed., thoroughly revised. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50.
Knox, T. W. The Lost Army. The Merriam Co. $1.50.
Liddon, Rev. H. P. Clerical Life and Work. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Morrison, Arthur. Martin Hewitt: Investigator. Harpers. 50 cents.
Muggleton College: Its Rise and Fall. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
O'Grady, Standish. The Coming of Cuculain: A Romance of the Heroic Age of Ireland. London: Methuen & Co.
Perrot, Prof. Georges, and Chipiez, Charles. History of Art in Primitive Greece. Mycenian Art. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $15.
Phyfe, W. H. P. Five Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. Putnams. 75 cents.
Roosevelt, Theodore. The Winning of the West. Vol. III. The Founding of the Trans-Allegheny Commonwealths. 1784—1790. Putnams. $2.50.
Schorlemmer, Prof. Carl. The Rise and Development of Organic Chemistry. Revised ed. Macmillan. $1.60.
Skene, F. M. F. Hidden Depths. Rand, McNally & Co. 50 cents.
Sheldon, Charles M. The Crucifixion of Philip Strong. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Simonds, A. B. American Song: A Collection of Representative American Poems. Putnams. $1.50.
The Demon of Lermontoff. Translated from the Russian. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.
The Golden Fairy Book. Illustrated. Appletons. $2.
The Student Missionary Enterprise. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Thompson, D. D. Abraham Lincoln, the First American. Hunt & Eaton. 90 cents.
Un Siècle de Modes Féminines, 1794—1894: Quatre Cents Toilettes réproduites en couleurs. Paris: Charpentier & Fosquelle; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Van Dyke, Prof. J. C. Text-book of the History of Painting. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
White, Eliza O. When Molly Was Six. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Wright, Thomas. The Life of Daniel Defoe. Randolph. $3.75.
Wright, W. A. Shakspere's Much Ado about Nothing. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Zimmern, Alice. Methods of Education in the United States. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Ziwet, Prof. Alexander. An Elementary Treatise on Theoretical Mechanics. Part III: Kinetics. Macmillan. $2.25.

English Readings.

Just Published:

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